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LITERATURE.

"Great Writers."—*The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. By Augustine Birrell. (Walter Scott.)

It may be doubted whether there was any clearly audible demand for a new life of Charlotte Brontë, but there is always a demand for writing like Mr. Birrell's. Few of us may think it faultless, some of us may at times find it a little irritating, but none of us, except the very superior or the very stupid person, will deny that it is singularly refreshing and exhilarating. There must necessarily be something of life and individuality lost where thought is poured into the mould of literary form, for even if a clever man be a poor talker there will be in his talk a certain piquancy of personal savour which evaporates in his "works"; and Mr. Birrell is a specially pleasant writer because he manages so to preserve the note of colloquy that in reading his books we feel that we do not merely read but, as it were, overhear. This peculiarity is naturally most noticeable in the papers which with a certain characteristic courage he has called *Obiter Dicta*, for the essay is a form of literature in which personality has free play; but it is by no means absent from this *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. Mr. Birrell has hardly anything new to tell us, as the additional particulars concerning the early life and love of the Rev. Patrick do not count for much; but there is just one thing that is better than a good new story, and that is the retelling of an old one in such a fashion as to give it the freshness of novelty.

Happily, this freshness is not achieved by the artificial and tiresome process of building up a new Charlotte Brontë who is warranted to be entirely different from all Charlotte Brontës previously presented to the public. This kind of thing has been done pretty frequently of late, and we know the manner of the performance. Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson has painted a vulgar liar and sensualist, and has called him the real Shelley; on another canvas Mr. Hall Caine has shown us the picture of a well-poised, firm-willed nature whom we are told is Coleridge. Both works of art are ingenious, and the latter is attractive; but they are not portraits, they are creations—the outcome of the painter's "moral consciousness," and are in their way quite as good as those avowed fictions, *Live it Down* and *The Shadow of a Crime*. It may be that Mr. Birrell, not being a novelist, distrusts his creative powers, or he may hold the antiquated opinion that biography is not the region in which to display them; at any rate, he sticks to portraiture, and, therefore, does not astonish or startle us. He even dares

to give longish quotations from Mrs. Gaskell's memoir—an act which, though it may be a confession of weakness, is not displeasing to those of us who believe that when a thing has once been done perfectly it is best to accept it as having been done finally.

We are, therefore, brought again into the presence of a familiar figure—a woman courageous, self-reliant, loyal, sternly conscientious, and rich in varied nobleness, but not, I think, in any way winning—one might almost say repellent, did not the word seem too crudely harsh to be applied to so finely touched a spirit. Charlotte Brontë was, probably, a woman not to be honoured merely, but to be loved, for there is something lovable in all sorts and conditions of goodness; but one cannot help feeling that her goodness turned its unlovable side outwards, and to get to the other side it was necessary to scale a *chevaux de frise* calculated to appall the boldest. She was clearly wanting in one thing which the novelist of all people can least afford to lack—catholicity of sympathy. She has produced certain characters of whom it is surely safe to say that they will live as long as English literature; but all of them—Jane Eyre, Rochester, Lucy Snowe, M. Paul Emanuel—are on one plane. They are Charlotte Brontë "writ large" and in a disguised caligraphy; but the disguise is one which does not deceive even the 'prentice expert, for it consists only of an occasional reversal of the slope. Her hand preserved its cunning only so long as it was occupied with a character standing in some definite relation to her own. It might be either a relation of similarity or of direct contrast, but the personal *nexus* must exist. It may be said that the imaginative insight and sympathy of Charlotte Brontë's first biographer was wider in range than her own, though Mrs. Gaskell belongs assuredly only to the second rank of novelists. Still, while we remember the disparity, we may be none the less certain that if the author of *Cranford* and *Wives and Daughters* had had to deal with the curates who cut such a poor figure in *Shirley* she would have made more of them than Charlotte Brontë has made. We should have seen all their weak points as clearly as we see them now, for the satire in becoming more genial would not have become less effective, but we should have seen their essential humanity as well. We should have felt, as Mr. Gladstone felt with regard to the sometime unenfranchised, that they were "our own flesh and blood," which at present we certainly do not feel. Lack of vital sympathy with curates is, however, a more pardonable offence than lack of vital sympathy with children, and here also Charlotte Brontë was defective, for the simple reason that she herself was always grown-up. As Mr. Birrell writes:

"Miss Brontë had not, on her small but wonder-opening bunch, the tiny key that unlocks the heart of childhood. As she glances upon children she seems to say: 'Wait, little one, wait awhile, till your eager heart has been bruised in the ceaseless strife of the affections; till the garden of your soul is strewn with withered hopes; till you have become familiar with disappointment, and know the face of sorrow; and then, if you seek me out, we shall have much to say to one another; not of foolish sentiment or Byronic gloom, but downright

vigorous good sense and pinching of each other's delusions.'"

I will make no comment on these sentences beyond saying that they are unfortunately true, and truth is apt at times to be somewhat repellent. Nothing but stupendous power within her own range could compensate for Charlotte Brontë's limitations. Goethe has an often-quoted remark about the impossibility of jumping off one's own shadow. In life it is true that the jump cannot be made; but in dramatic art—and the novel is a modified form of drama—one of the fixed conditions of supreme all-round success is that it shall be made, and Charlotte Brontë never makes it. The illuminating sentence in which Mr. Birrell says that "had Miss Brontë been a greater novelist than she was *Villette* would not have had the biographical interest it has," applies not merely to the story mentioned, but to all her books. They are simply crammed with biography, which, curiously enough, seems to have been written quite unconsciously. Charlotte Brontë was one of the most rigorously truthful persons, and yet she made the utterly astounding statement that Jane Eyre resembled herself in nothing but in being little and plain. When a shrewd and veracious woman does manage to deceive herself, how great is the deception!

Of Mr. Birrell's criticisms it is not necessary to speak at any great length, though they do not deserve to be dismissed hastily, for they have the somewhat rare charm of writing which is at once solidly sensible in matter and vivaciously fresh in manner. His estimate of the absolute and comparative merits of the poems of the Brontë sisters seems to me specially good, for the simple reason that it is sane and truthful; and amid the rhetorical subtleties of much contemporary criticism sanity and truth fare somewhat badly. Indeed, most of his separate judgments are likely to commend themselves to unsophisticated readers; and not until they reach the last chapter, in which Mr. Birrell begins to philosophise at large, will such readers have the feeling that their guide is getting a little too far beyond them. Here he speaks more oracularly than it is his wont to speak; and his words, like those of other oracles, are impressive, but vague. In endeavouring to fix the place of Charlotte Brontë among novelists he indulges in the dangerous luxury of formulating general principles; and though they sound well—sounding well is the strong point of most general principles—I cannot for myself be sure either that I understand them or that I know how to apply them. Mr. Birrell says, for example, "The test of merit for a novel can be nothing else than the strength and probable endurance of its pleasure-giving capacity." At first there does not seem anything wrong here; but we soon perceive that the clause "and probable endurance" must be abandoned, because this is a matter in which we have no canons of probability. Mr. Birrell is quite sure that Miss Austen will be read with pleasure a century hence, and he gives good reasons for his belief; but then literary fashions are independent of good reasons. Miss Ferrier's novels have lately been republished after being out of print through two generations of men and women who cared not to ask for

them. Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries found in them a "pleasure-giving capacity." Our contemporaries will probably re-find it, for it is certainly there as in the books of Miss Austen; but in the intervening time they were things of nought. And so, when we are told that the test of merit for a novel is the strength of its pleasure-giving capacity, it seems inevitable that we should ask—"Pleasure-giving to whom?" This question Mr. Birrell never answers; and his final chapter, though full of good quotations, good counsels, and other good things, is therefore a little ineffective. Mr. Birrell's theorising must seem thankless work even to himself when he knows that people do exist who honestly feel that *Middlemarch* is as pleasure-giving as either *Villette* or *Pride and Prejudice*, and that there are even some who find great enlargement of spirit in *King Solomon's Mines* who could not without weariness read any of the other three. Of course, Mr. Birrell is not blind to this very obvious fact—indeed, he explicitly admits it; the difficulty is to square his admission with his general principle.

The discussion of general principles, especially principles of taste, is, however, a somewhat profitless occupation; and happily the new *Life of Charlotte Brontë* contains little matter for discussion and much for enjoyment. It is full of good things, by which I do not mean merely things well put, but well thought. So thoroughly pleasant is it that it has half persuaded me to forgive its writer for his essay on Emerson, and to say this is to say much.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Rhodes in Modern Times. By Cecil Torr. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS book is a worthy sequel to the author's former work, *Rhodes in Ancient Times*, the merit of which has been recognised both in England and in Germany; and it is no slight credit to any writer that he should have shown himself so competent to treat the mediæval as well as the ancient history of the island. The work fills a vacant place in literature, since the time of the occupation of Rhodes by the Knights of St. John is the only part of its annals that has attracted attention; and even their story remains to be fully and accurately told. It covers the period from the third century of our era to the Turkish occupation; and, though it does not profess to be exhaustive, yet the author claims the merit of having critically compared the primary authorities, and having derived information from sources which had not previously been investigated. These, we may add, are very various and recondite, and the examination of them involves a wide knowledge of the general history both of Eastern and of Western Europe. One result of Mr. Torr's straightforward method is that his work frequently takes the form of a chronicle of events, and, therefore, is not light reading. There is an absence of light and shade in the narrative, in consequence of the smallest facts requiring to be introduced as well as the greatest. It is also truly ascetic in its disregard of all attempts at interesting methods of statement and grace of style. But this feature has its favourable side, since it is evidently the author's object to bring together

well-ascertained facts, and to explode erroneous views; and, in securing this, graphic treatment would be only an impediment. Now and then he springs a mine under his reader by unexpectedly introducing absurd legends, or dryly humorous comments of his own, in the midst of matter-of-fact narrative. The following notice of the gardens of the Grand Master is an instance:

"They were irrigated by water pumped up from a well by a windmill. In 1496, an old ostrich and two young were kept with their wings clipped in a walled enclosure here. They laid their eggs in sand and hatched them by simply looking at them; they fed on iron and steel. There was also a sheep from India, and various other strange animals; particularly a hound given to the Grand Master by Sultan Bajazet. It was about the size of a greyhound, mouse coloured, with no hair at all except about the mouth, and it had claws like a bird. From this last fact comes the story that the Grand Turk had a bird that every year laid three eggs, and from two of the eggs came birds, but from the third a puppy. It was necessary to remove the puppy as soon as it broke its shell, otherwise the birds pecked it."

Mr. Torr has grouped his facts under the heads of Public Affairs, Social Life, Religion, Art, and Learning; and to these subjects separate chapters are devoted. This arrangement is of necessity somewhat artificial, so that, for instance, the history of the building of the city walls is brought under "Social Life"; but much confusion of statement is avoided by this means. We thus obtain valuable notices of the commerce, the money transactions, the commercial jurisdiction, and the pawnbroking that were carried on in the island in the time of the Knights. During this period it seems frequently to have been a resort of pirates, and also of fugitive debtors from Western Europe. The inhabitants of the city seem to have been as motley as they are at the present day; for we are informed with regard to the sale of a house that the vendor was a Cypriot, and the adjacent buildings belonged respectively to a Venetian, a Florentine, and a Jew. The friendly relations which have existed between the Jews and the Turks since the capture of the city—for the Jews are the only non-Mussulman population that are allowed to live within the city walls—are easily explained by the following passage:

"On the 9th of January, 1502, the order was given that all adult Jews of either sex, in the dominions of the Knights in the Levant, who refused baptism, should be shipped off to Nice on the Riviera within forty days. During that time they might realise their property in land or goods; but if any remained longer their property would be confiscated to the treasury, and they would themselves be sold as slaves. And the Grand Master was empowered to baptise Jews of either sex, who were minors, in spite of their parents' protests. The Jews were sent to the West to prevent them giving the Turks information about Rhodes. On the capture of the city in 1522, the Turks compelled all the baptised Jews there to return to their old faith."

The Order of the Knights of St. John existed nominally for the service of the poor and the defence of the Catholic faith, and its members were subject to the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; but there is ample evidence in this volume of their neglect of

these. In Rhodes they lived in a luxurious manner, and the wealth of the order was reputed to be as great as that of the rest of the Church together. Still, it was said that the hardships and dangers in warfare and at sea were such that not one Knight in twenty attained the age of fifty years, and this is corroborated by the shortness of the average tenure of office by the Grand Masters, notwithstanding that they were appointed for life. Concubinage was generally prevalent among them; and one result of this remains in the collection of amatory poems in Greek, addressed by them to the ladies of Rhodes, and *vice versa*, which was found in the British Museum and edited by the late Dr. W. Wagner, under the title of "The Alphabet of Love" (ὁ ἀλφάβητος τῆς ἀγάπης). The literary value of these, we think, Mr. Torr unreasonably depreciates. In respect of commerce and general well-being the Rhodians gained greatly by this occupation. They were secured from the attacks of enemies, and were well supplied with commodities, while justice prevailed in the market-place and the law-courts, and extortion was almost unknown.

In a few pregnant sentences Mr. Torr disposes of the view, which has been entertained by several writers of late years, that the explosion which destroyed St. John's Church at Rhodes, the church of the order, in 1856, arose from gunpowder that was treacherously concealed in the vaults beneath by Andrea d'Amaral, the chancellor of the order, who was the rival of the last Grand Master, l'Île Adam, in order to hasten the capitulation of the city. Here, as in some other places, our author hardly does justice either to the fulness of his own investigations or the intricacy of the subject, owing to the conciseness with which he has stated his conclusions and the omission of authorities. He says that the complaint against Amaral was, not that he had concealed any powder during the siege, but that he had been remiss in bringing in powder beforehand. We have no doubt that this is correct; but as M. Guérin, in his book *L'Île de Rhodes*, states, also without authorities, that there is contemporary evidence for the story of the concealment of the powder, we should like to have seen the question more fully discussed. Mr. Torr goes on to say that, if Amaral had concealed any, this treachery would inevitably have been discovered in the interval between his execution on November 8 and the evacuation of the city on January 1 following; and that powder could not have been concealed by any one in such a well-known place as the vaults below St. John's. He does not touch on the further question, whether gunpowder could retain its explosive power for more than three hundred years. This, however, has been submitted to a high authority on explosives, and has practically been determined in the negative. Gunpowder, if kept perfectly dry, might retain its explosive power for an unlimited period; but the chances of any magazine which existed in the sixteenth century being so proof against moisture are infinitesimally small.

H. F. TOZER.

Essays and Addresses. By the Rev. James M. Wilson. (Macmillan.)

THE head master of Clifton College has achieved considerable distinction both as a bold and independent thinker and as a popular expounder of religious subjects. This collection of essays seems likely to increase his fame in both these particulars. It consists of a number of papers, lectures, &c., whose general drift is described by himself as "an Attempt to treat some Religious Questions in a Scientific Spirit." No fault can be found with this description, if we except two papers which might be more fairly described as "an Attempt to treat Scientific Questions in a Religious Spirit." Probably, however, Mr. Wilson would say that such a distinction signified little, science needing to be qualified by religion as much as religion to be harmonised with science. The book may indeed be described as a kind of Eirenicon, and the author as unavowedly a mediator between science and theology. Taking his place between the belligerents he displays the theological side of his shield to scientists and negationists and the scientific side to his fellow theologians. In this respect the book is equally opportune and noteworthy. That men of thought and culture are turning away from traditional presentations of Christianity is a fact as lamentable as it is undeniable. That the clergy as a class are doing nothing to avert this defection is unhappily no less true. The complaint of the Mayor of Bristol to Mr. Wilson on this head would probably be re-echoed by hundreds of intelligent laymen in all our large centres of population:

"Parochial sermons," he said, "do not meet our intellectual needs. They seem intended for the young or for the uninstructed; they rarely touch the points on which men want guidance as to principles or information as to facts. We do not know what you clergy really think on some of the most important and fundamental questions of religion, questions which underlie what are commonly called doctrines. . . . That important questions should be avoided universally by the clergy produces the impression that you shirk awkward facts and awkward questions, and that at bottom you are as sceptical as we are. . . . We read the reviews, which are full of apparently well-reasoned papers which seem incompatible, or at least incommensurable, with much that we hear in church; and we cannot tell what you, our professional advisers, think on these questions. They are rarely touched on at diocesan or church congresses," &c.

With characteristic courage Mr. Wilson not only admits the justice of this damaging impeachment, but enforces it in language no less cogent and striking, *e.g.*:

"I think the church ought to provide meat for her strong men as well as secure that her babes shall get milk. . . . A church which declines to recognise the right of the few who are fond of wisdom not only to be tolerated, but to be respected, must become stagnant. . . . No army will conquer which dismisses its pioneers, and no church will conquer which not only deprives itself wilfully of the services of those who are most anxious to serve it in cutting new paths and letting in new light through the wilderness of ignorance and superstition, but stones 'its prophets, wise men, and scribes.' . . ."

I have transcribed these passages at some length, because they convey better than any

words I could have chosen the motive and aim of the book. Mr. Wilson is determined to have no share in the guilt of "shirking awkward facts and awkward questions" which Sir Joseph Weston rightly charges against the clergy. He discusses with an admirable mixture of freedom and caution most of the burning questions which have come up for solution since the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. He has his say on Inspiration, the Limits of Authority and Free Thought, Secularism, Church Authority, Christian Evidences, Miracles, Evolution, Fundamental Church Principles; and on all these topics his remarks will be found deserving of attention by all thoughtful and ingenuous persons. Perhaps the paper which best displays the characteristics of Mr. Wilson's thought and his method of dealing with extreme Negationists is his "Letter to a Bristol Artisan." Here we have extreme tenderness in dealing with intellectual error, sympathetic insight into the better instincts and principles often found in combination with it, blended with a firm, straightforward statement of what he himself regards as fundamental truth. Such a letter must have produced on the feelings of an honest and thoughtful man a beneficial effect, whatever influence it exercised on his conviction. On the latter point it would, however, be especially interesting to learn its actual result not only in the case of the Bristol artisan to whom it was written, but of other similarly minded Secularists who chanced to read it. To me, I confess, it seems, with all its undoubted excellencies, not to lay sufficient stress on the chief cause of Secularism and Negation. The ordinary Atheist and Secularist suffers from overweening intellectualism—hypertrophy of reason, if such a term be allowed. He manifests the ostentatious omniscience which is the invariable accompaniment of aggressive ignorance. Judging from his treatment of this somewhat favourable case, Mr. Wilson thinks it best to meet these symptoms with an appeal to their owner's sentiments—to the aesthetic and emotional side of his nature. But this appeal presupposes the existence of that aesthetic material, which may be, and often is, wholly lacking. Besides, the plea is liable to be misunderstood by its objects as an appeal *ad misericordiam*. In my opinion this plethora of intellectualism would be best met—as similar symptoms in the physical frame—by a judicious system of depletion, such a method, *e.g.*, as Socrates applied to the dogmatic arrogance of young Athenians. In other words, the infallibility of the reason must be questioned. Its numerous errors and vacillations in human history should be insisted on. The high place which a judicious suspense in speculative matters has occupied in the minds of the greatest thinkers should be pointed out. Impartial self-analysis should be recommended, and persistent and reverent enquiry (truth-search) should be inculcated. But the subject is by no means free from difficulty, and probably no uniform corrective would serve to meet all diversities of mental disorder.

In a book treating such a great variety of topics, addressed to such different audiences, and presenting diverse views of the self-same subject, seeming imperfec-

tions and inconsistencies might easily be discovered. I cannot find, *e.g.*, that Mr. Wilson's utterances on authority and its kinds and limits can always be harmonised. There is, to take a specific instance, an apparent inconsistency in his "Letter to a Bristol Artisan" and his paper on Authority and Free Thought as to the consideration and respect which "spiritual giants," &c., are entitled to receive. He seems occasionally to speak of scepticism, *i.e.*, negation, as if it were in all cases an avoidable defect, whereas negative dogma is as much constitutional in some mental natures as positive dogma is in others. Although admitting the indemonstrable nature of certain speculative truths, Mr. Wilson does not seem to me to lay sufficient stress on probability, both as a mode of conviction and as an incentive to action. In this respect he has something still to learn from the author of the *Analogy*. Further, when he incidentally subordinates aspiration to conviction he manifests, for one who appreciates so fully the scope of emotion in religion, an unexpected lack of spiritual insight, as well as a marvellous ignoring of familiar phenomena in religious history.

But these, after all, are comparatively slight defects, perhaps inseparable from a work which covers so large an area of controversial thought. Taken as a whole, the book must be said to meet admirably one conspicuous want of our church and time. It is a thoughtful, cautious, well-balanced attempt to solve the difficulties which intelligent men find in our popular theology. Mr. Wilson is clear-sighted enough to perceive, and courageous enough to avow, that Christianity must share, to a certain extent, the evolution which is the common law of the universe. He aspires to a "new Reformation,"

"in which spiritual truths will be more precious, while we shall feel that our expressions of them are less adequate; and in which conduct and charity and heavenly grace will be thought the truest evidence of the possession by the soul of those spiritual truths independently of the selection of the intellectual form in which those truths may be deemed least inadequately expressed" (p. 302).

Though "one swallow does not make a summer" in the moral and religious any more than in the material world, yet the publication of this book so soon after that of Dr. Abbott's striking and thoughtful work, *The Kernel and the Husk*, must be regarded as a significant sign of the times. Both are pioneers in the New Reformation of which Mr. Wilson speaks; and to both a fellow-worker for more than a quarter of a century in the same field heartily wishes "God speed." JOHN OWEN.

TWO BOOKS ON RECENT IRISH HISTORY.

Eighty-five Years of Irish History. By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Irish Wrongs and English Remedies. With other Essays. By R. Barry O'Brien. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

In literature, as in politics, Ireland demands special treatment. Of the two books above named it is absolutely impossible to write a purely literary review. I should like

to see an average English critic take in hand Mr. O'Neill Daunt. He would point out that the book has the defects as well as the excellencies of what is understood as Irish writing—a tendency to go off on side issues, to interpolate matter (the career of Fergus O'Connor, for instance, and the sad story of Tom Steele) not directly connected with the subject, to bring to the front evidence (like that of *chef de bataillon* Miles Byrne, about '98), which, though almost certainly true, fails to convince English readers, because it is not backed up with the array of proofs to which such readers have grown accustomed. But, if he were a critic with a heart, desiring (as most Englishmen, even critics, do) to deal fairly with Ireland, he could not stop there. He might regret, from a literary point of view, the form of Mr. Daunt's book; but, at the same time, he would confess that in any other form it would have been less telling. That picture of pre-Union society, grouped round "King" Bagenal, is surely a plea, stronger than any argument, for Catholic emancipation. A system under which the mass of the people had the manhood crushed out of them, so that (as used to be said) "you could tell a Catholic by his walk," and a Catholic merchant's son would account it an honour to be allowed to play marbles with the son of a Protestant attorney, proves more conclusively than any amount of argument the folly of government by Ascendancy. The ugly story of the Union shows the hopelessness of expecting anything but disappointment from a connexion so brought about. The whole sketch of the Old and Young Ireland parties reminds us that the cry for Home Rule, though sometimes only whispered, has never once ceased. Even O'Connor's eccentricities, we feel, are to some extent chargeable on the hopelessness of the Irish political horizon before the dawn. Our critic would, therefore, sum up by admitting that, after all, a series of graphic pictures, though it may leave something to be desired from a literary point of view, is, for the majority of readers, the most suggestive way in which the subject can be presented. People like to read between the lines; and between such lines as Mr. O'Neill Daunt's they can scarcely read wrongly. For, having taken part in a great deal of what he describes, Mr. Daunt writes with that fervour of conviction which is better than any amount of argumentative skill. Mr. O'Brien's style is more compact than Mr. Daunt's, because he was writing for English reviews; and, moreover, he has schooled himself in that abstention from rhetoric which is becoming such a feature in the Irish writing of the day. They both simply set forth facts, though facts of a different class: the latter gives us facts of social life resulting more or less directly from the bad system which is in process of removal, the former brings forward facts of legislation connected with the various attempts to remove this bad system. And these facts are so monstrous that Mr. O'Brien's calm judicial way of simply stating them is as astonishing as it is admirable. A Catholic, a Nationalist, fully alive to past and present wrongs and to the needs of the future, deeply sympathising with all that Irishmen are striving for, he is yet content to let his facts of "remedial" legis-

lation tell their own sad tale with even less comment than that supplied by Mr. Daunt. And he is right. He feels, for instance, that the education difficulty could not be better illustrated than by pointing out how Archbishop Whately struck out of the class-book "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" and Campbell's "Irish Harper," and put in:

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child."

The suppressed pieces had been inserted by the Scotch Presbyterian minister, Mr. Carlile, to whom Government in its inscrutable wisdom had committed the arrangement of the education scheme. But his Grace improved on Mr. Carlile. He feared lest some fourth-standard child might for Caledonia read Erin, and he struck out Scott's lines as well as everything else that savoured of patriotism. I am not now quoting Mr. O'Brien. He merely states the fact, and caps it with the following exquisite attempt at training the young in the way in which they should go:

"On the East of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives. Many people who live in Ireland were born in England, and we speak the same language and are called the same nation."

Young "Pat" is generally thought to be not wanting in shrewdness. Were he the dullest clod imaginable, he could scarcely avoid thinking: "True, the Queen certainly never lives here; and the gentlemen who are kind enough to govern us were nearly all born in England." Not only in education, however, but throughout there has been the same determination on England's part "to ignore Irish public opinion, and to give Irishmen not what they want, but what Englishmen think they ought to have." It was so with the Poor Law. The report of the Commission, made up of Irishmen and Englishmen of Irish experience, which had been three years at work, was disregarded, and Lord John Russell acted on the report of a Scotchman, Mr. Nicholls, whose knowledge of the country was derived from a flying tour of six weeks. Till Mr. Gladstone's recent legislation, it has been the same with the land. Any measure so ruinous as the Encumbered Estates Act could not have been planned even by the most imbecile of native parliaments. Such is a fair sample of Mr. O'Brien's facts. He does not enlarge on the chronic insolence which has treated every national demand as the voice of a pack of children crying for the moon. He leaves the irony of his extracts from the *Times* of 1842 and 1850—when that newspaper was roaring against Irish landlords, comparing them to Turkish pashas, and conjuring the Legislature to interfere and to replace such a worthless set by men of capital and intelligence—to speak for itself. He leaves his readers to draw the parallel between Lord Melbourne in 1837 vilified by Lord Roden and the Orange leaders "for maintaining a conspiracy fatal to the integrity of the empire, and by his league with O'Connell endangering British rule and the Protestant religion" (p. 102), and Mr. Gladstone, in 1887, subjected to even more virulent abuse from the self-styled Unionists. Then, as now, the tranquillity which could only be denied by a quibble was attributed to

the undisputed triumph of "anarchy." Lord Melbourne fell, as Mr. Gladstone has fallen; but there the parallel ends. Mr. Gladstone will rise all the stronger for his fall, for English opinion is far more intelligent now than it was fifty years ago; neither is it now, as it was then, "bitterly hostile to the Irish people" (p. 13). This is the most hopeful change of all in the varied panorama of Irish affairs.

Very instructive are Mr. O'Brien's papers on the Lichfield House compact and on Thomas Drummond. Very interesting is his suggestion that Mr. Gladstone supported the Irish Church so long, and only so long, as he believed it to be Protestantising the Irish people. More practically important just now is the remark (p. 211) that "in Ireland there are not two nations, but a nation and a colony. . . . The Orange descendants of the Scotch settlers who occupy a corner of Ulster can no more be called a nation than can the 'Dutch Palatines' of Munster." These men, though "English to the Irish," have always been "Irish to the English" whenever the executive has not given them their own way; and yet Mr. O'Brien is sure that "if the Ulster colonists could only be persuaded that Home Rule does not mean Rome Rule they would fall into the national line before a twelvemonth." To those who really believe in local boards and such like, with or without coercion, I recommend the remark (p. 30) on "grudging concessions spoiled for lack of the sympathy that crowns a gracious deed." Nor should I be right in omitting almost the only bit of dogmatism in the book; it puts the case so clearly: "Ireland is in trouble because her material grievances have been but slowly and unwillingly redressed, and because the national sentiment has never been respected."

From Mr. Daunt's two volumes it is less easy to pick *γνώμαι*. They deserve to be widely read and pondered over, not without a sense of humiliation that such treatment was possible at the hands of free and enlightened England. Everyone (now that the time when England deemed she could profit by Irish rivalries is for ever gone by) will join in the wish "that Irishmen of all creeds could recognise and rejoice in each other's good qualities"; and those who still have a lingering dread of the "Rome Rule" bogey will be glad to hear from the Protestant Sir John Parnell (*Historical Apology for Irish Catholics*) that "the Irish Catholics are the only sect that ever resumed power without exercising vengeance"; and from Dr. W. Cooke Taylor (*History of Irish Civil Wars*) that "it is but justice to this maligned body to say that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a different religion." Mr. Daunt has done a good work by bringing out indisputable authorities like these.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

SPANISH FOLKLORE.

Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas. Tomos VII.-XI. (Madrid.)

THE volumes of this excellent collection of Spanish folklore show no falling-off as they advance. Nay, in some respects, the interest becomes greater. Vols. vii., ix., xi. are

occupied with the "Cancionero popular Gallego y en particular de la provincia de la Coruña," by Don José Perez Ballesteros. Vol. viii. contains (1) a charming essay in Portuguese on "The Rose in the Life of the Peoples," by Cecilia Schmidt Branco; and (2) "The Folklore of Proaza in the Asturias," by L. Gener Arivau. The contents of vol. x. are "Popular Tales collected in Estremadura," by D. Sergio Hernández de Soto. It will be seen at once that such a series is of no little value for philological purposes as well as for folklore. We have, too, a most pleasing variety of matter in the separate volumes. The "Cancionero Gallego" consists wholly of verses and couplets improvised or composed by the people, stanzas which pass orally from mouth to mouth without any one demanding who is the author of them. The volume of Señor de Soto contains fairy tales only; while Señora Branco's contribution is a delightful *résumé* of whatever the superstition or fancy or poetry of many peoples have associated with the rose in literature. Señor Arivau's "Folklore of Proaza" is gathered chiefly from one narrator, a native of the place, in service at Madrid. It includes traditions, legends, tales, superstitions, *coplas*, and romances.

The "Cancionero Gallego" of Señor Ballesteros is introduced by an excellent prologue by Theophilo Braga, in which he claims Galicia as the true fountain-head of Spanish song. He gives proof of the richness and complexity of its many forms by quotations—some of which are singularly beautiful—from the Cancionero of the Vatican (sæc. XIII.). He remarks on the likeness to Celtic poetry in the Triads; but the chief distinction of the verse is the skill and telling effect with which repetitions and refrains are managed, recalling in this some of the older forms of French versification. The form of the *coplas* has evidently been moulded by the compass of the instrument to which they were sung; or by the dance to which they lent, or from which they caught, their rhythm. Speaking generally of these Gallegan *coplas*—for we have not space to go into detail—they have neither the exquisite tenderness, nor the graceful fancy, nor the almost frenzied passion of the Southern Spanish. They are the production of a harder race. They deal more with outward life, with agricultural scenes, or with the daily lot of the fisher and the mariner. They are often satirical: the priest, the miller, the dressmaker, and the step-mother, are the classes which most often fall under the lash. The morality indicated in them is not high. On the other hand, they often evince a true feeling for nature—as love of trees, and an affection for cattle—not often found among rustics. "My god-mother," says one, "if I die, don't bury me in the churchyard; bury me in the green field, where the cattle go to graze." *Romerías*—i.e. pilgrimages—seem to hold as large a place in Galician life as do the *Pardons* in that of Brittany. The nursery songs are numerous and good. There is plenty of rustic wit and repartee. Occasionally we have reminiscences of far older ways of thought, as in vol. ix. 181, where Venus is addressed as the star of abundance; and another on p. 199, where the *couvade* is possibly alluded to. In one the manufac-

turing supremacy of England is commemorated:

"D'os panos que hai n-a tenda
Moito me gusta o *Manchester*,
D'os fillos que tèn teu pai
Tamén me gusta Silvestre."
"Of the cloths there is in the shop
I much prefer the *Manchester*,
Of the sons your father has got
I also do like Silvester."

A note to the final word of l. 2 tells us that it is "an English cotton which formerly bore this name."

The Asturian *coplas*, and especially the ballads and romances, given by Señor Arivau are far more poetical than the Gallician; but they are not so rich in rhythmical forms. They are given in Spanish, not in the Asturian Babel, and have not so much peculiar to the soil. The religious folklore is rich, and some of the Christian symbolism very pretty. One superstitious practice is curiously opposite to Protestantism. "One ought never to pray for a person living, for that attracts death to him." But perhaps the most useful part of this collection is the proof that it gives, in the ballad of the death of Prim, and in the Carlist *coplas*, that folklore is still being formed among us. "The Death of Prim" is a legend entirely in the old style.

This collection, as we have said above, was formed from Asturians in Madrid, and taken down in Spanish. Had Señor Arivau taken his *Cuentos* from the lips of Asturians in their own country and in their own dialect, I think he would have modified his statement that "belief is no element in them." Among the Basques, who have told me variations of these tales, some certainly most fully believed that there was a time when animals, and even trees, spoke; others, who from wider intercourse had lost their faith, assured me that once they really believed this. The legal precedent of the pleadings of the man and the serpent in the Fueros of Navarre and Aragon was certainly not believed in at the time it was written down or printed; but it points back (like our John Doe and Richard Roe) to a time when men could think and express themselves only in concrete terms; when both thought and language in the effort to express abstractions were compelled to humanise external nature; when to the confused consciousness of sentient man everything else was sentient, and he could not believe it to be otherwise. Modern society is still somewhat like a vertical geological section. However rich and complex may be the forms in the upper strata, as you descend they become simpler and less complex, till at last we reach the remnants of the simplest rudimentary organisms. And these rudimentary forms in thought and language are still to be found throughout Europe. There are still those whose thoughts really dwell wholly in the concrete, even though their lips may repeat the abstractions which they have learnt by rote or caught parrot-wise from their superiors.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

James Hepburn. By Sophie Veitch. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

Could he do Better? By A. A. Hoffmann. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Autobiography of a Slander. By Edna Lyall. (Longmans.)

Scamp. By J. Sale Lloyd. (White.)

Walter Ellithorne. By A. S. Melville. (Elliot Stock.)

Passages in the Life of an Undergraduate. By Bee Bee. (Sonnenschein.)

James Hepburn is a story of very unusual power, promise, and desert. It is not, indeed, altogether easy to read. The workmanship is too close, the threads too firmly knit together, the thought too terse for any lazy lady to gallop through it with her feet on the fender. There is in it no marrying and giving in marriage and no love-making; and it deals with the mental history of two very dissimilar persons, neither of them the hero—lovely Lady Elinor Farquharson and Rob Blackwood. The story of Lady Elinor is exceedingly pathetic; and all her moods, as she gradually progresses along a path of peril, are described with a hand at once sure and delicate. The young and beautiful wife of a stiff and formal old husband—a sort of animated and respectable ramrod in shoulderstraps and belts—she is thrown much upon the society of a gay, fascinating and generous young man of her own age, Sir Maurice Adair. She had married General Farquharson with feelings merely of respect and esteem; and she soon begins to pine for genuine love and sympathy, which is just what her husband is restrained from offering to her from a fear of appearing uxorious and absurd. He masks his really passionate devotion to his wife under a calm, immaculate propriety of demeanour, which gives him in her eyes the appearance of indifference, and in the reader's of an exasperating formalism and punctilio. How under these circumstances she passes from girlish pleasure in Adair's frank admiration to a startled dread of his influence; how, unable to avoid his company, she bravely battles with her own weakness and his growing passion; how again and again she reaches safe ground, only again and again, as if by fate, to slide into peril; how at last she is swept away on the stream of her lover's passion, and of her own yearning for some affection to take the place of that which her husband had never shown her, is told with intense interest, much psychological insight, and perfect delicacy. Robert Blackwood's, on the other hand, is a wild warped nature; a strange mixture of talent, loyalty, and vindictiveness, with a curious moral twist in it, which makes him act as a villain without a villain's motives. The fight in which the minister knocks him senseless and wins his devotion, the crisis at which he surrenders himself to justice on a charge of murder to save the minister his friend, and his escape from gaol, are most vividly described. Both to Lady Elinor and to Rob the Minister Hepburn is a kind of confessor and saviour. A man of unconventional habits, and of a bluntness which is skilfully made to verge upon boorishness, he is a paragon of unselfishness, who bewitches the people in the book without offending the people who read it. The tragedy of the tale is relieved by the picture of his petty, pestering, tattling congregation. It is true the tragedy is rather too psychological. The

minister preaches at times till he nearly prosed; and, skilful as is the birth of a mountain of gossip out of a molehill of fact, the tattling of the congregation is rather brite and trivial. The railway accident, too, which concludes the drama, is both wanting in originality and hardly adequate to work such a change in Rob as it does, consistently with the previous history of his mind. The minor characters are well done. Mrs. Munro and Mr. Laing are especially sharp and fine in their drawing. The plot is unusually coherent and well constructed. So far is the book from having superfluous incident that the full force and effect of each incident is almost more than a memory of ordinary power can carry away in the course of the tale. On the whole, *James Hepburn* is an excellent novel, and one which it is a satisfaction to have read.

Could he do Better? is a novel which improves very much as it goes on. The first volume consists mainly of a rambling and unskilful introduction of the personages and a commonplace picture of the society of a small country town. Now, whatever may be the value of realism, it does not justify every observer of parochial society in jotting down a semi-humorous description of it and calling it a study from nature. But when the plot and passion has had time to expand Mr. Hoffmann shows that he has a real talent for weaving a complicated plot and that he can interest his readers in his personages. Often, indeed, his plot is too complex. Three or four of the characters play at a kind of hide-and-seek of proposal and refusal of marriage; and the air is darkened with rumours of engagements, and the fate of the hero and heroine, with their consequences. The heroine, poor Judith Topham, a sweet and only too conscientious girl, is kept on the rack—duty warring against affection—to the very last page of the last volume, until one rises in arms at the prolongation of her sufferings. True it is all undergone for the redemption of the hero—a gentleman, who, under the chastening influence of crosses in love, is brought to exchange his trade of politician for the comparative honesty of the manufacture of patent varnish. This is the theme of the book, and the fault of the process is that it is too full of stratagem. The young man shilly-shallies with a lovely widow so fond of diamonds that she sleeps in them. He proposes to her, or rather to her bankbook; and when he is accepted, he most inconsistently “shuddered as if a corpse had risen to life and embraced him. A horrible giddiness and nausea overtook him,” which, being in Park Lane, in the drawing-room of the proprietor of the bankbook, he fortunately controls. He gets out of this; and, strange to say, by means of a contested election, is brought to his better mind, and at last does poor Judith justice. If Mr. Hoffmann would not aim at quite such high *finesse* in his conversations, in which he misses his mark, and would not manoeuvre his pawns so adroitly that he forgets they ought not to be pawns at all but creatures of flesh and blood, he would do much better. No doubt he has the talent to do so, and it is to be hoped he will.

Miss Lyall is a little hard on gossip in her *Autobiography of a Slander*. The design on

the cover, which typifies her treatment of her subject, represents a small serpent coiling round a cup of tea, and trying without much success to sting the tea-spoon. Miss Lyall exaggerates the poisonous qualities of this sort of reptile. The slander in question is merely the statement that a Polish merchant, who loses his temper in a drawing-room about Russian despotism, must be a Nihilist in disguise. Anyone might have said that. This simple remark, uttered in September, kills the Pole with consumption in a Russian gaol on the following New Year's day. This is a portentous game of Russian scandal. In print gossips usually get the scourge. They are kicked and have no friends; but really to belabour them with the knout in this fashion provokes a recoil in their favour. Apart, however, from its intrinsic exaggeration, the tale has the merit we have learned to look for in Miss Lyall. It is very slight and hardly worthy of her; but it is skilful and fluent, and is well worthy the thirty minutes it takes to read.

What would novelists do without lover's misunderstandings? Given “Scamp,” a young lady with “two coral-red Cupidon lips and a row of pearl-like teeth” (why two lips and but one row of teeth?) and “a high-bred instep,” who gets engaged at fifteen to a warrior of five and thirty in the boughs of a walnut tree; given the confirmation of this engagement at the age of eighteen at vol. i., p. 126; the problem is to keep the young things apart, unhappy and interesting, till vol. iii., last page but fifteen. The thing is simple, though it is doubtful if a mere man could have done it. “Scamp” has undertaken to play guardian angel to the love affairs of an amorous solicitor and the daughter of a wicked baronet, who forbids such a *mésalliance*. The warrior catches the solicitor and “Scamp” by night in a summerhouse, and misinterprets Pyramus talking to the wall into Pyramus talking to Thisbe; and thereupon he vanishes for a volume or so, in haste and wrath, to India and waste spaces of jealousy and desolation of heart. Thereupon ensues a perfect carnival of love-making. “Scamp” gets six proposals of marriage—one from the baronet, and three from a nobleman, who afterwards crowns the edifice with a seventh to someone else. Still Adela, *alias* “Scamp,” behaves nicely and pathetically, with a tendency, however, to address rejected suitors as “my friend.” After her father's death, “etherealised, but equally lovely,” she encounters her warrior near her father's tombstone, which was “very chaste and pure looking and massive too,” just as the lover was placing on it “a rarely beautiful wreath of white flowers.” “A spasm of uncontrollable joy swept through her heart;” but the warrior, colder than the tombstone, takes himself off, “gnawing the ends of his brown moustache fiercely,” and muttering “Fool that I was to come here.” After so promising a conjuncture, no experienced novel-reader will doubt that marriage and happiness cannot be far off. Though Miss Lloyd has hammered out a very small nugget of gold into a very large surface of gilding, still there is gold in her nugget. In spite of a strong dose of the conventional absurdity of novels, the book is a pleasant and refined one, and may well be read.

For a stranger to point out which way the genius of the author of *Walter Ellithorne* lies would be presumptuous, since he who ought to be no stranger to himself has lamentably mistaken its direction. Clearly, however, it never will make him a novelist. His subtitle, “A Country Parson's Facts and Fancies,” is a very good description of his book, so far as it goes; for the book consists of the fancy of some one who is not a man of the world, and who avenges the peacefulness of his country life by the lurid character of his imaginings. Gambling, forgery, a brace of suicides, child stealing, apoplexy, and heart disease are the minor links in the chain of events. Yet it must not be supposed that the book is exciting. It would not ruffle the tranquillity of a convent. The conversations consist largely of that class of talk which adorns the specimen conversations of etiquette books. The English language, too, has difficulties for Mr. Melville. He writes: “I would advise that to whichever of you he proposes, to say yes without any hesitation,” and “she and her stepdaughter were after having an unpleasant interview with the young lady's father,” when what he means is that they had just had one; and with unconscious pleasantry he remarks that “if Captain Sharp did not meet Miss Winton within the walls of her father's house, he met her very often in the city at concerts and other places.” When any of the male characters falls in love he always buys new hats and collars, which trait, with other things, suggests that the writer is a lady and not a parson, and is better acquainted with some suburb than even with the country.

Passages in the Life of an Undergraduate is a misleading title. It should be passages in the lives of three or four undergraduates, a parcel of their “lady friends,” and some irrelevant old fogeys, with selections from tourist handbooks to Spain, Norway, and other unknown regions. If there is a plot, it lies in the awful consequences of a boy-and-girl flirtation at a Commemoration ball. The girl, without telling mamma, writes the boy a letter and sends him a knot of riband—doubtless a gross impropriety, and worthy of condign punishment, though there are still some of us who walk the streets—whited sepulchres that we are—with similar crimes on our conscience and a smirk of respectability on our lips. More lethal than the shirt of Nessus, the riband kills a child, conducts the girl to the brink of the grave, and deafens a naval lieutenant. To tell how this is managed would be to squeeze what little juice Bee Bee's orange contains. The story is brief, and the accounts of Oxford briefer, but they are not brief enough to avoid errors; which fact, with the entire freedom of the book from the detestable vices of youthful cynicism and affectation of worldly wisdom, goes far to prove that the author, who clearly is young, cannot be an undergraduate, and probably is a young lady who visited Oxford for a week during the Commemoration of 1886.

J. A. HAMILTON.

SOME SCOTCH BOOKS.

View of the Political State of Scotland in the Last Century. Edited by Sir Charles Elphinstone Adam. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) This is a statistical and political curiosity, being

a confidential report by some unknown person or persons on the political opinions, family connexions, and personal circumstances of the 2,662 individuals who alone had the franchise in Scotch counties in 1788. It was intended to assist William Adam and Henry Erskine, the Whig managers in Scotland a century ago, in their campaign against Pitt and Dundas. The main thing that it proves is that it must have been quite as easy a matter to canvass the whole of Scotland then as it is to canvass a single county now. The notes attached to the names of the voters reported on are characterised by worldly shrewdness rather than by malice. Here are three specimens:

"James McHarg, writer in Edinburgh, wishes for a small office. Unmarried. Not rich. Thought will vote for Sir Andrew Cathcart; swayed by John Hunter, W.S. . . . John Bushby, Sheriff-Clerk of Dumfries. An able, sharp man. Wishes for preferment and business to his son at the Bar. . . . John Carruthers, of Holmains. This estate and vote sold to James McCrae, Esq., cousin of the Earl of Glencairn, who will have influence with him."

Occasionally these notes tell odd stories, e.g.:

"Henry Rankine, of Knockdow. An oddity. Begs on the high way. Has amassed money. . . . John Christie, Baberton. Old man. Dying. Made his fortune by a lottery ticket. Arthur Forbes, of Culloden. Very independent fortune. Got a sum from Government for a monopoly of making whisky, duty free. . . . Hercules Ross, of Rossie. A new proprietor. Very rich. Made his money by privateering in the West Indies."

This report was decidedly worth printing.

A Short Border History, by Francis Hindes Groome (Kelso: Rutherford), is an admirable little book, and supplies a much-felt want; for, as the author says, "rich as is Border literature, there has till now been no short Border history to slip into the pocket, and be read on the actual battle-fields of Otterburn, Flodden, and Ancrem." Mr. Groome loves his subjects, knows thoroughly the story of every inch of the 110 miles which, following the Border and starting from Berwick-on-Tweed, one has to travel before one reaches the Solway Firth. He has also a nimble fancy, and is as opinionative as Prof. Blackie himself, occasionally waving his arms and shouting out such views as "The drama 'Monarchy' is all but finished, and the 'gods' are growing impatient for the end; for is it not to be followed by the grand new harlequinade 'Democracy,' in which all the fine actors shall heigh! presto! be turned into clowns?" But Mr. Groome's book is, perhaps, all the better, and it is certainly none the worse, for outbreaks of this kind. It contains all that the stranger, or the tourist at all events, needs to know of the history, the social life, the geography, and the ethnology of the Border. There is scarcely a superfluous, and not one uninteresting, line in it.

St. Kilda and the St. Kildians, by Robert Connell (Hamilton, Adams & Co.), is based on certain articles which its author contributed to the *Glasgow Herald* in October, 1885, and June, 1886, in the character of a "Special Correspondent." Mr. Connell does not add much to the information recently supplied on the subject of St. Kilda, with its fulmars and its Free Churchism, its tetanus and its intermarriages, by such writers as Mr. Sands and Mr. Seton; but he saw its inhabitants when they were in deep distress, and he writes clearly, graphically, and vigorously. Occasionally, indeed, he seems too vigorous, as when his topic is the Free Church clergyman on the island. His recommendations for the amelioration of the condition of the St. Kildians deserve careful and prompt attention. Plainly something must be done for them. It is to be regretted that the

sentimental yachtsman and other folks who have recently been paying some attention to the St. Kildians have—so says Mr. Connell—rendered him a "fibrelless" creature.

My College Days (Paisley: Gardner) purports to be the autobiography of a defunct Scotch student, and to be only edited by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson, who is known already as the author of *Rambles in the Far North*. But it is, to say the least, eminently probable that Mr. Fergusson relates his own experiences in Edinburgh and St. Andrews. He does so in a sufficiently lively and "freshman" style. To judge from what Mr. Fergusson says, Scotch students, more particularly in St. Andrews, drink a good deal of beer and whisky, and have sufficient leisure on their hands to write a large quantity of jovial verse, in which they hit off the peculiarities of their professors. As some of this verse is rather indifferent, Mr. Fergusson might have given his readers a little less of it. One regrets to hear that

"many Scotch students who go up with scholarships to Oxford become in the course of time so much Anglicised that they are anything but favourable specimens of their class. They get snobbish, and think it a proper thing to run down the university which they have left."

It is evident that this latter mistake is not one that Mr. Fergusson will ever commit. He has a good deal to tell of Scotch professors and Scotch landladies, as well as of Scotch students. We confess to being somewhat surprised to learn that Prof. Fraser, the eminent Berkeleyan, is a humourist. So it seems, however. At all events,

"a student who sent in an essay of 160 pages, finished up his production by saying that as it was Saturday night and very near the Sabbath, he would now bring his remarks to a conclusion. 'Gentlemen, I never felt so thankful in my life,' said the professor, 'for the Christian institution of the Sabbath.'"

My College Days is, on the whole, as readable as any book of the kind that has recently been published.

THE anonymous author of *Law Lyrics* (Paisley: Gardner), which, we see, is in its second edition, cannot be placed on a footing of equality, as regards either ability as a versifier or intimate knowledge of Scotch feelings and character, with either Outram or Neaves. These "lyrics" lack finish and suggest the criticism of "coarse kintra wark," which the Edinburgh beadle, an expert in sermons, was in the habit of applying to the lucubrations of provincial preachers. But the subjects they deal with are sufficiently varied, including love, law, lakes, wigs, and crofters. Their author has the power of condensation, too, as in lines like these:

"Farewell! to Craigmore, his bare forehead
erecting
O'er hills, streams, lochs, islands, and fens,
a full score,
Where Achray and Katrine lie sweetly reflecting
Bens Vane, Ledy, A'an, Venue, Vairlich, and
More."

Unkempt enthusiasm and rollicking good humour are the chief features of this little volume.

The Captive King, and other Poems. By James Sharp. (Paisley: Gardner.) It would be unfair to criticise these poems too sharply, as they are the productions of a Glasgow merchant, although some of them were written after their author had retired from business. The most ambitious of them—"The Captive King," illustrating certain passages in the life of James I. of Scotland, and "Tullebardine's Bride," which is a sort of Scotch version of "The Lord of Burleigh"—flow smoothly, and are agreeably free from sentimental twaddle. Occasionally, indeed, Mr. Sharp becomes too

prosaic, as when, in "Tullebardine's Bride," he tells us that

"The patient had in lucid interval
Flora to see, a strong desire exprest.
The doctors urge upon the family all,
The policy of granting this request."

Mr. Sharp is seen at his best in his shorter poems. In these, as a rule, healthy sentiment is expressed in unpretentious verse.

Early Songs and Lyrics. By Ebenezer Black. (Edinburgh: Brown.) The type and paper of this book are rather attractive; and Mr. Black has carefully polished his rather thin verses, which, some in Scotch and some in English, trudge along the road that Burns strode before their author. Mr. Black's ecstasies in Scotch are not very inspiring. There is not much contagious passion in

Oh the glory o' that nicht,
When the moon was at her heicht,
And through the wud in her braw licht
I gaed hame wi' Bella!

Occasionally he strikes out a happy conceit, as in

I loved her once, I love her yet,
While round my heart entwined
The tendrils of the wild regret—
She never will be mine.

There is some promise in Mr. Black's book, and almost no nonsense.

Border and other Poems. By Robert Allan. (Kelso: Rutherford.) The author of these poems writes a flowing style, and has an easy command of the Scotch dialect of to-day. His ethical and religious sentiments are irreproachable. That is all that need be said of him and his poems.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Mr. John P. Prendergast, the author of "The Cromwellian Settlement," has just ready for publication with Messrs. Longmans another work on *Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution*—an interesting period of Irish history in relation to the Act of Settlement and its consequences.

NEXT month Mr. George Allen, of Orpington, will publish *Hortus Inclusus*, being a volume of selections from Mr. Ruskin's Letters to Miss Beever, with a preface and notes by Mr. Ruskin. The book has been edited by Mr. Albert Fleming, and will form a companion volume to *Fronde Agrestes*.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has made a selection of the poems of Goldsmith, which will be published later in the year by the Clarendon Press.

PROF. ROBERTS, of St. Andrews, is preparing for publication a volume entitled *Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles*. The work is expected to be ready in the course of a few months.

THE second and concluding volume of Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante will be published in September. Besides translations of the *Paradiso* and the minor poems, it will also contain several essays on subjects of interest to Dante students.

AN edition of Macaulay's *Lays of Rome* is being printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, for Messrs. White & Allen, of New York. The impression is limited to 1,250 copies and 350 large paper, of which numbers, 250 and 100 respectively will be consigned to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., who will issue them for sale in England, with autotype medallion portrait, in calf and morocco bindings.

THE demand for the new edition of part i. of *The Sea: its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism*, has been so large that Messrs. Cassell & Company are now reprinting it, and a second edition will be ready in a few days.

UNDER the title of the *Story of Creation* Mr. Edward Clodd will shortly issue a plainly written résumé of the theory of evolution.

How to write the History of a Family, by Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as shortly to be issued by him.

Our Church Manual: a System of Suggestions for Prayers and Devotions at Home and at Church, arranged by the Rev. A. Hunter Dunn, will be published immediately by Messrs. Roper & Drowley. A special feature of this manual is that, while complete for use as issued, the first sixteen pages can, at a trifling expense, be filled with any local matter desired by the parochial clergy. Canon Macleair, warden of S. Augustine's, Canterbury, contributes a commendatory preface.

LAST Monday Miss Bennett, the principal of the well-known Ladies' College of Ogontz, Philadelphia, started in a four-horse coach, with several of her old pupils and their friends, for a drive to Canterbury and back, to see the road and scenes they have long known so well in Chaucer's Canterbury Prologue. They invited the founder of the Chaucer Society to go with them; but he, being near Henley-in-Arden for his holiday and Shakspeare work, was unable to go.

AT Prof. Arber's request the Early English Text Society has agreed to supply certain of its books at a much reduced price to students preparing for the matriculation and honours examinations at the University of London. Thus Prof. Skeat's edition of *Havelok the Dane* (for the matriculation, 1889) is to be had, post free, for half price, 5s.; and the professor's edition of the three parts of Barbour's *Bruce* (for the B.A.), with its seven indexes and glossaries, is to be had for 7s. 6d., though published at 47s. In every case prepayment to the society's printers, Clay & Sons, Bungay, Suffolk, is indispensable. Any profit the society may make out of the sale will be applied to reprinting its out-of-print texts of 1866, though the fourth of these, Dan Michel's Kentish *Ayenbite of Inwyrt*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, is already at press. But seven more need reprinting, and three for 1867.

Two American girls—Miss Gertrude Baxter and Miss Hussey, of New Bedford, Massachusetts—have made an index to seventy-eight of the volumes of the Early English Text Society. They are willing to complete the society's other fifty volumes if the society will print the index. This the committee will, of course, gladly do, if the specimen of the work to be sent meets with their approval. The index can then include the books of 1888, and thus comprise the society's first twenty-five years' work.

THE Froebel Society offers prizes to the amount of twenty guineas for the best essays on the following subject: "The Ethical Teaching of Froebel, as gathered from his Works." Essays must be sent in not later than November 1, addressed Froebel Secretary, office of *Journal of Education*, 86 Fleet Street. The judges will be the Rev. R. H. Quick, Prof. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, and Miss Snell.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made in Manchester for the celebration of the phonographic jubilee and tercentenary of modern shorthand, both of which anniversaries occur in 1887, by a series of meetings on August 29 and 30. A committee, of which Mr. W. E. A. Axon is chairman, and which numbers among its members the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Salford, Principal Greenwood, and others, with Mr. A. W. Croxton, editor of the *Shorthand Monthly*, as hon. sec., have now issued a programme of arrangements for the meetings. The meetings are to be inaugurated by a public conference upon the present position of short-

hand, to be presided over by the mayor (Alderman J. J. Harwood). Papers will be read by Miss Reynolds, Messrs. W. E. A. Axon, E. J. Baillie, E. J. Cross, and Henry Pitman. In the evening a dinner will be given to Mr. Isaac Pitman by the Vegetarian Society, of which Mr. Pitman is a vice-president, to be followed by a social reception, at which an exhibition of shorthand rarities, type-writing machines, &c., will be held. The meetings will conclude on Tuesday, August 30, by a public meeting, at which an address will be delivered by Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography. Sir Edward W. Watkin, it is expected, will preside on this occasion. Arrangements have also been made with the authorities of Chetham's College and the Free Reference Library for an exhibition of shorthand works and MSS. at the respective libraries.

MR. CHARLES MARVIN has been elected corresponding member of the Imperial Russian Technical Society in recognition of his writings on petroleum.

THE following were the prices paid at Messrs. Sotheby's sale last week for the holograph MS. of some of the late D. G. Rossetti's poems, &c.: "Rose Mary," £22; "The King's Tragedy," £17; "The White Ship," £21 10s.; "The House of Life," sonnet (signed), £11; Lyrics, £8; Sonnets, including five in Italian by Proserpine—*La Bella Maro*—£11 5s.; "Wellington's Funeral," and sonnets, £8; various sonnets, £10 15s.; Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, original edition, with Rossetti's signature on fly-leaf, £7.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DRIVING IN WINTER: ENGLAND.

WHERE brown-clad hill and wold ascends
With delicate crests against the sky,
Glassed in the wandering river-bends,
Ice-fringed, we hasten by.

Along the ridges sombre-firred
The girdling blue is clear and cold;
Shy melodies of morning heard
From dewy field and fold.

From rusted bough the last leaf drops
Reluctant as a hidden sigh;
Along the purple-hearted copse
Soft trains of shadow lie.

We haste by lonely quarry huts,
Their lintels green and dark with rain,
And from the roadway and its ruts
The blue sky glints again.

Our swift wheels, splashing left and right,
Grate on the stones. All else is still,
Save when a wood-dove takes its flight
Across, from hill to hill.

A beat of wing, a rushing air—
Thy shadow'd bough is gain'd, O dove,
To find thy gentle fellow there;
But I am far from her I love.

FREDERIC HERBERT TRENCH.

THE TEACHING OF GREEK IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The head masters of Marlborough, Winchester, and Harrow have addressed the following letter to masters of preparatory schools:—

"July 25, 1887.

"We think it well to inform you that we purpose shortly to make certain changes in our school course, with the object of encouraging masters who are preparing boys for our schools to begin Greek at a later age than is usual under existing circumstances. At present, masters of preparatory schools are frequently induced by the requirements of the public schools to start boys in Greek before either their knowledge of Latin or their mental growth has qualified them to enter on the study of a second dead language. Our experience shows that the minds of young boys are confused by the multiplicity of subjects taught at the same time;

and all the more, when they are taught Greek before they have acquired the power of reading an easy Latin author, and are still grappling with the rudiments of Latin Grammar.

"Boys who began at a later age would be able with more rapidity and less confusion to assimilate the grammar of a language which has many features in common with Latin.

"And there would be other considerable advantages in beginning Greek at a later age. Time would then be set free for the study of French, geography, and the outlines of history; and above all for gaining such acquaintance with English as would both stimulate interest and thought, and promote a more intelligent study of Latin and Greek.

"We are persuaded that such a plan as is proposed would tend to diminish the number of boys who leave school at sixteen or seventeen with a confused and inaccurate knowledge of the classical languages, and too ignorant of subjects which should form part of a liberal education.

"The conference of head masters has already taken up this subject; and their committee have lately issued a report (a copy of which is enclosed) showing their unanimous opinion that the evidence submitted to them proves that boys who begin Greek before the age of eleven might, as a rule, have spent their time on other subjects without any loss to their Greek. We should be prepared to go even further. While we fully recognise that the age test is rough and unscientific, and can only be provisionally accepted as a convenient mode of fixing a definite idea, we hold that the evidence which has been brought forward shows that Greek scholarship would sustain no loss, and in many cases would gain, if even boys with some gift for language did not begin Greek till twelve; while, in our opinion, backward boys might profitably wait till later. To meet the needs of such boys we are prepared to make arrangements for teaching Greek in our own schools *ab initio*, and to admit boys on the classical side up to a certain standard in the school without a knowledge of Greek.

"We are most anxious to do nothing that will diminish the range and influence of classical education in England. But we believe that a change of method on the lines here indicated would lead to a higher average of intellectual attainment in public schools, and that, so far from injuring the cause of classical education, it would strengthen it by removing reasonable objections, and by establishing the study of both Latin and Greek on a more scientific basis.

"G. C. BELL,
"W. A. FEARON,
"J. E. C. WELLDON."

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

XIV.

LET us now see whether the assertion of the Cologne Chronicle "that the *Donatus* printed in Holland were printed before there was any printing in Mentz [consequently, that the invention of printing was made in *Holland*, not at Mentz]," and the assertion of Junius, "that it was made in Haarlem," and my own contention (based on what I venture to call the very strong circumstantial evidence which I have detailed above) that both the Cologne Chronicle (= Ulrich Zell) and Junius are in the main correct, and that printing was invented at Haarlem, are in any sense of the word, contradictory to the so-called documentary evidence that we have regarding Gutenberg, and the assertion that he invented printing at Mentz in Germany. Those who believed this to be a fact always point out to us that up to 1561 the whole world was unanimous on that point. So it was, when we except such a trifle as the contradiction in the Cologne Chronicle. But when we trace this unanimity to its origin and its source, it begins to look very suspicious. The earliest document which allows us to connect Germany, Gutenberg, and Mentz with the art of printing is the Notarial document of November 6, 1455, record-

ing the decision in the lawsuit between Johan Gutenberg and Johan Fust. By the mouth of Johan Fust it speaks of "the work"; by the mouth of Johan Gutenberg it speaks of "tools" in preparation, of "servants' wages, house-rent, vellum, paper, ink, &c.," and of "the work of the books"; while by the mouth of the judges it speaks of "the work to the profit of both of them," of "their common use," and of "their common work"; but none of the persons concerned in the affair say a single word about an "invention," or about a "new mode" of printing. And yet the occasion was such as to make it almost imperative on Gutenberg to say at least one word about his "invention," if he had made any, for he had spent 1,600 guilders (no trifle in his days) of another man's money on the affair, and was on the point of being robbed and having taken away from him all that he had made and done to give effect to his "grand idea." In the next document, the colophon of the Psalter of 1457*, published by Fust and Schoeffer, the art of printing is plainly indicated and its importance fully realised; for it is said that the Codex was "venustate capitalium decoratus, rubricationibusque sufficienter distinctus, adinventionem artificiosa imprimendi ac caracterizandi absque ulla calami exaratione sic effigiatus," but not a word is said of an inventor, nor of the place where it was invented. On the other hand, the colophon speaks not of an "inventio," but of an "adinventio," which may be taken to mean that the "invention" itself had already been made, but that now something additional, some "new mode" of printing, had been effected. The same colophon is repeated by the same printers in 1459 twice (Psalter and Durandus), in 1460 (Clementinae), in 1462 (Bible), and in several later publications. In 1465 we find a variation introduced and used in some books: "non atramento [communis, added in 1468] plumali canna neque aerea, sed artificiosa quadam adinventionem imprimendi seu caracterizandi [or, after sed, simply: arte quadam perpulcra]"; but, whatever variation is made, there is never a single word about an inventor or a place of invention. In 1460 there comes a new testimony, namely, the colophon of the *Catholicon*, in which the new mode of printing is still more fully indicated, and its importance still more fully realised, for it says that the book in 1460

"*impressus atque confectus est alma in urbe maguntina nationis inclite Germanice. Quam [the German nation] dei clemencia tam alto ingemij lumine donoque gratuito ceteris terrarum nationibus preferre illustrareque dignatus [dignatus] est. Non calami, stilli aut pennae suffragio sed mira patronarum formarumque concordia proportionem et modulo.*"

Here Gutenberg himself speaks, according to the advocates of his claims. He had been robbed and wronged in 1455 by his former partner Fust, in conjunction with Peter Schoeffer. He had, it is alleged, succeeded in obtaining fresh money from a certain Dr. Homery, a Syndic of Mentz, to establish a new printing office, and now, in 1460—after he had seen his two cruel rivals publish book after book with colophons loudly proclaiming the importance of the new art "invented and perfected" by himself—he (Gutenberg) issues a grand product of his own, with a long-winded and verbose colophon about the new mode of printing and the blessed German nation, without mentioning his own name or

* An earlier document would be the *Donatus* published by Schoeffer with the colophon, "*arte nova imprimendi seu caracterizandi per Petrum de Gernsheym in urbe Moguntina cum suis capitalibus absque calami exaratione effigiatus*," for it may be presumed to have been issued about, or before, 1456. But it has no date, and can, therefore, not be placed in a strictly chronological sequence.

his "invention" with one single word. Dr. Van der Linde and others have considered it necessary to explain this silence, this extraordinary silence, which indeed has struck everybody. This silence was necessary, it is argued, otherwise Gutenberg's creditors would have seized the copies and his printing-office into the bargain. This explanation is, indeed, as extraordinary as Gutenberg's silence itself. It may be supposed that the publication of such a book as the *Catholicon*—a large folio volume of nearly 400 leaves—would excite attention even at the present time among the ocean of large and small publications that are issued daily. But in 1460 such works did not appear every hour of the day. And as the colophon says distinctly that it was printed and perfected at Mentz (the very city where Gutenberg's chief creditor resided) in the year 1460, by an art which is described with most remarkable details, I do not see how its printer could possibly have expected to escape being found out. Fust and Schoeffer, who printed in that very same city of Mentz, at the very same time, could hardly have lost sight, since 1455, of their interesting former colleague. They must have known it if there had been another printing-office established at Mentz besides their own, as printers were not then so numerous; only one other at Strassburg, leaving the Haarlem office out of the question. They must have known, moreover, who was the owner of that third office. But even if they did not know, the appearance of such a work, printed on vellum and on paper, and provided with a colophon in which every detail connected with the book, except the printer's name, is trumpeted about with great minuteness, could not have escaped their attention. And it is incredible that Fust and Schoeffer, or any other person, if Gutenberg owed him any money, would have been so guileless as to leave Gutenberg alone simply because he did not publish his name in the colophon.

I think if we examine further documents we shall find another and a more satisfactory explanation of Gutenberg remaining silent while his rivals were proclaiming aloud that they produced books by some "by-invention," and even copied afterwards expressions from his own colophon. In 1465 (17 January), eleven years after printing had been going on at Mentz, the Archbishop of Mentz issued a decree whereby he rewards Gutenberg for "his services"; but not a word is said about his "invention," nay, not even of his career as a "printer." On February 26, 1468, Dr. Homery (the man who had helped Gutenberg, it is said, to a new printing-office) wrote a letter of obligation to the same Archbishop of Mentz, acknowledging to have received from the archbishop "several forms, letters, instruments, implements, and other things belonging to the work of printing, which Johan Gutenberg had left after his death, and which had and still belonged to him [Dr. Homery], and undertaking to use them, but in no other town than Mentz, nor to sell them to any person but a citizen of Mentz, even if a stranger should offer him a higher price for the things." Here, indeed, we see that Gutenberg had been in possession of things "belonging to the work of printing," but there is, again, nothing about him as an "inventor."

Again, in this same year, 1468, this long spell of silence about an "invention" of printing in Germany is broken; but it is not broken by Germany, nor by Mentz, nor by Schoeffer, nor by any other German printer, but by Italy, by an Italian bishop; and the testimony that we receive from thence is silent about an "inventor." And as the first two printers of Italy (who are supposed to have inspired this testimony) were Germans, who may be, or are, presumed to have learnt their art at Mentz, under the very eyes and presence

of the so-called inventor, it looks as if this Italian testimony, as regards this German invention, is simply derived from the colophons of the Mentz books, without the bishop and his informants knowing anything, or feeling justified in saying anything, of an "inventor."

At last, in 1472, the long spell of silence about the "inventor" is broken; but, again, not by Mentz, not by Germany, not by any German printer, but by France. I allude to the letter of Gul. Fichet to Rob. Gaguin, discovered at Basel, by Dr. Sieber, the librarian of the Basel University, in a copy of *Gasparini Orthographia*, printed at Paris circa 1472, in which Fichet speaks of Johannes Bonemontanus as the inventor of printing. This testimony has attracted a good deal of attention during the last two or three years. Some people have gone so far as to say that this early testimony finally settles the dispute in favour of Gutenberg. Dr. Van der Linde prints it with a shout of triumph. But, as the letter was apparently written and printed in 1472, it comes only two years before the publication of the Chronicle of Philippus de Lignamine (Rome, 1474), which speaks of Gutenberg as printing in 1459, but not as the inventor of printing. And as this latter testimony has never been considered conclusive, it is hard to see how a difference of two years could make the Gutenberg tradition more weighty. Fichet, moreover, tells us that his story is a rumour current in Germany ("ferunt enim illic"). But Fichet's letter, though it is useless to those who wish to regard Gutenberg as the inventor of printing, is of considerable importance to those who, like myself, feel forced to deny that he was the inventor. Let me explain. It is, perhaps, not unreasonable to say—in fact everybody admits—that Fichet must have heard the rumour about Gutenberg from the first three Paris printers (1470), two of whom are known to have resided at Basel, and to have most likely learned their craft there, before they settled at Paris. This circumstance leads us back to Berthold von Hanau, who was printing at Basel in 1468, and who is presumed to be the "Berthold von Hanauwe" who appears in the Mentz lawsuit of 1455 as Gutenberg's servant. To this chain we may link on the facts told us by Dr. Van der Linde (*Gesch. der Erfindung*, iii. 895, on the authority of the *Liber fraternitatis*), that Gutenberg was a lay member of an ecclesiastical fraternity established in the collegiate church of St. Victor, near Mentz, and that of this church his relative, Ivo Wittig, who, in 1504, erected a memorial stone to Gutenberg, was a canon and the custodian of its seal. This same relative of Gutenberg, Ivo Wittig, wrote, or at least is presumed to have written, the dedication to the Emperor Maximilian of the German translation of the *Livy*, published in 1505, by Johan Schoeffer (the son of Peter Schoeffer, and grandson of Johan Fust), in which he ascribes the honour of the invention to Johan Gutenberg, whereas the same Johan Schoeffer, when he is left to himself, invariably ascribes that honour to his father (Schoeffer), or to his grandfather (Fust). And when we remember (1) that the Heidelberg professors, who wrote epigrams in 1491 in honour of Johan Gensfleisch (= Anscicarus), which were published in 1499, were inspired by Adam Gelthus, another relative of Gutenberg, and (2) that Franz Bohem was established in the collegiate church of St. Victor (mentioned above) as a printer, and, in 1541, printed there the well-known poem ("de Chalcographiae inventionem") of his press reader, Arnold Bergellanus, in which the invention is ascribed to Gutenberg—we cannot fail to see that the assertion that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing was made and propagated in an off-hand and unofficial way by no other persons than those who either were related to him, or

had stood in connexion with him or the St. Victor Church. Hence, we may say, perhaps without the possibility of a doubt, that the tradition that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing originated from no other person but Gutenberg himself. No doubt, during the hours which Gutenberg spent among his convivial fellow-members of the St. Victor fraternity, he indulged in some talk about his "invention," perhaps, in order to obtain a fresh loan, or, perhaps, in order to account for the total disappearance of the 1,600 guilders lent him by Johan Fust, without his having published any books. But, however loquacious he and his friends may have been within the safe precincts of the monastery, they were, apparently, very careful not to say anything about their "invention" in public, at the time that such an assertion could have been contradicted or affirmed. His servant Berthold seems to have spoken of it at Basel as a rumour; the Archbishop of Mentz seems to know nothing about it; and Dr. Homery—one of the founders of a merry, gastronomical fraternity at Mentz (Van der Linde, p. 897), therefore, one not likely to be silent if he knew anything about it—is silent on the point, though he had to speak of Gutenberg in connexion with almost everything "that belonged to printing." Surely, such testimonies regarding Gutenberg being the inventor of printing would be instantly rejected, if they came before a court of justice and were confronted with what has been said in favour of another party?

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BURNOUR, E. Les chants de l'église latine: restitution du rythme et de la mesure suivant la méthode naturelle. Paris: Lecoffre. 5 fr.
 NEELMBYER-VUKASOWITSCH, H. Russland. Leipzig: Heitmann. 14 M.
 ZERST, M. E. Vorläufer Lessings in der Aristoteles-interpretation. Jena: Pohle. 1 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- REUTER, H. Augustinische Studien. Gotha: Perthes. 10 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BING, F. M. La société anonyme en droit italien: étude de législation comparée. Paris: Durand. 8 fr.
 CHROUST, A. Beiträge zur Geschichte Ludwigs d. Bayern u. seiner Zeit. I. Die Romfahrt. 1327-1329. Gotha: Perthes. 5 M.
 GARDEN, le Comte de. Histoire générale des traités de paix etc. depuis la Paix de Westphalie. T. XV. Paris: Le Poutrel. 7 fr. 50 c.
 KOPPMANN, K. Geschichte der Stadt Rostock. 1. Thl. Rostock: Werther. 2 M.
 REUS, R. Charles de Butré: un physiocrate tourangeau en Alsace et dans le Margraviat de Bade 1724-1805. Paris: Fischbacher. 5 M.
 SEIPT, O. De Polybii Olympiadum ratione et de bello punico primo quaestiones chronologicae. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- REICHARDT, W. Ueber die Darstellung der Kummer'schen Fläche durch hyperelliptische Functionen. Halle. 5 M.
 SCHWABE, G. Fichtes u. Schopenhauers Lehre vom Willen m. ihren Konsequenzen f. Weltbegreifung u. Lebensführung. Jena: Pohle. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 WERNER, K. Die Scholastik d. späteren Mittelalters. 4. Bd. Wien: Braumüller. 15 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BEITRÄGE, Frankfurter neuphilologische. Frankfurt-a-M.: Mahlan. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 GRIMM, W. Kleinere Schriften. Hrg. v. G. Hinrichs. 4. Bd. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. 14 M.
 HILDEBRANDT, R. Studien auf dem Gebiete der römischen Poesie u. Metrik. I. Vergils Culex. Leipzig: Zangenberg. 1 M. 40 Pf.
 SCHULZE, G. Quaestionum Homericarum specimen. Jena: Pohle. 1 M.
 SCHRADER, B. Studien zur aeltrischen Syntax. Ein Beitrag zur altengl. Grammatik. Jena: Pohle. 2 M.
 SUSEMIEL, F. De Platonis Phaedro et Isocratis contra sophistas oratione. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 ZETSCHE, Ae. W. Ueb. den 1. Teil der Bearbeitung d. "romän de Brut" d. Wace durch Robert Mannynge of Brunne. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EVANGELISTARIUM OF ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

St. Mary's Entry, Oxford: July 30, 1887.

In the sale of the library of William Brice, Esq., of Bristol, at Sotheby's on the 26th of this month, lot 104* was thus described:

"Evangelia iv. Generatio Jesu Christi. Manuscript on vellum, with intitulation in letters of gold and 4 Figures of the Evangelists, illuminated in gold and colours, from the Brent Ely Library, old calf, gilt edges, Saec. xiv."

The Bodleian Library purchased this manuscript for a moderate sum, and it is found to be the identical "book of the Gospels" which was the daily companion and prized possession of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, sister of Eadgar Ætheling and mother of Matilda, the wife of King Henry I.; and the very volume which was the subject of a miracle described in the Lives of St. Margaret. Many of your readers will remember the principal facts of the Queen's life: her flight to the Court of Malcolm III., King of Scotland, their marriage in 1070, and the mild and civilising character of her influence on her court and country until the death of both husband and wife in November 1093. She was the foundress of Dunfermline Abbey; and St. Margaret's Chapel in the Castle at Edinburgh is one of the most venerated, as it is almost the oldest, of existing buildings in Scotland. We are fortunate in possessing a detailed and authentic biography of her by a priest closely attached to her person, whether the author be Theoderic of Durham, as is stated in one of the two surviving MSS. of the life, or as most suppose Turgot the Bishop of St. Andrews. It may be noted also that St. Margaret is a link in the genealogical chain which joins the Plantagenet line with the English kings before the Conquest.

A short account of the volume may precede the proof of its history. It is a Latin copy of all those portions of the Four Gospels which were used in the Mass, and was called from early times by the names of Evangelium, Evangelistarium, and Evangeliarium. Its English name appears to be Gospelar or Book of the Gospels (W. Maskell, *Dissertation on the Ancient Service Books of the Church of England* [Oxf., 1882], also prefixed to the second edition of his *Monumenta Ritualia*, pp. lvii., lix., cl.; it seems to be called "liber evangelicus" at p. cccxix). The liability of such a title to confusion with the full text of the Gospels is obvious. The passages contained in the volume are Matthew i. 1-21, ii. 1-12, iii. 13-17, iv. 1-11, 18-22, xx. 17-19, xxvi.-xxvii., xxviii. 1-7, 16-20; Mark i. 1-8, vi. 17-29, xiv.-xv. 46, xvi. 1-7, 14-20; Luke i. 1-4, 22-38, ii. 1-14, 21, 22-32, x. 38-42, xxii.-xxiii. 53, xxiv. 1-12; John i. 1-4, xiv. 23-31, xvii. 1-11, xviii.-xix., xx. 1-9. The book measures 7 by 4½ in., and consists of 38 leaves (A²BCDEFF⁴G¹, but G³ is only a strip ½ in. broad; there are no signatures in the volume). The writing and illuminations appear to be of about the year 1000. Of the latter the principal are four full-page pictures of the Evangelists, seated, writing in a book, of the general type so common in Byzantine MSS.; but the details are no doubt English. The outer border is of gold and orange, and the upper part, in the case of the two first Evangelists, is occupied by two curtains looped back; in the other two by a semicircular arch resting on pillars, with two figures of buildings in the upper corners between the arch and border. St. Luke is writing on a roll; St. John is in a chair with high square back. The colours most used are gold, pale green, blue, orange, and red; but the details of these

and other particulars must be left to the skill and sagacity of Prof. Westwood to describe. These pictures are on foll. 3^r, 13^v, 21^v, 30^v; on fol. 4^r there is a peculiar and characteristic capital L (in the word Liber), the corner being rounded and the ends spreading into interlaced work with four mouths of dragons; the whole is gold except the mouths of light red, and a band running lengthwise in the middle of the letter of light orange, edged with dark red, and bearing a series of dark red pellets surrounded by white circles. Many of the capitals are entirely of gold, and the rubrics in gold or red. The writing is in general Carolingian minuscule of the period I have suggested, with rubrics in half-uncial; but a discussion of further details is perhaps too technical for the ACADEMY. The binding is perhaps of the early part of the seventeenth century—ordinary brown calf or leather, with plain gilding and an oval stamped ornament on each side.

The identification of this MS. with St. Margaret's Gospel-book is as follows. On fol. 2^r of the MS. is written a Latin poem, here transcribed, in a hand which might be as early as 1090 or so, but would strike one as somewhat later:

"Christe tibi semper grates persoluimus omnes,
 Tempore qui nostro nobis miracula pandis.
 Hunc librum quidam inter se iurare uolentes
 Sumperunt nudum sine tegmine nonque
 ligatum.

5. Presbyter accipiens ponit sinuamine uestis:
 Flumine transmissio codex est mersus in
 annem:

Portitor ignorat librum penetrasse profun-
 dum,
 Sed miles quidam cernens post multa mó-
 menta

Tollere iam uoluit librum de flumine mersum,
 10. Sed titubant subito librum dum uidit apertum,
 Credens quod codex ex toto perditus esset.
 At tamen immittens undis corpus cum uertice
 summo [sic, hypermetric]

Hoc euangelium profert de gurgite apertum.

O uirtus clara cunctis, O gloria magna!

15. Inuolutus enim codex permansit ubique,
 Exceptis foliis binis que cernis utrinque,
 In quibus ex undis paret contractio quedam,
 Que testantur opus Christi pro codice sancto.

Hoc opus ut nobis maius mirabile constet

20. De medio libri pannum lini abtulit unda.
 Saluati semper sint Rex Reginaque sancta,
 Quorum codex erat nuper saluatus ab undis.
 Gloria magna Deo, librum qui saluat eun-
 dem."

Now observe the following extract from the life of St. Margaret* by her own confessor, who would presumably have charge of the volume:

"Vita S. Margaritae Reginae Scotiae, caput 3, § 25. (*Acta Sanctorum*, Jun., tom. ii., p. 333 [Antv. 1698]. *Vitae Sanctorum Scotiae*, ed. J. Pinkerton, p. 348 [Lond. 1789].)

"Habuerat librum Euangeliorum, gemmis & auro perornatum, in quo quatuor Euangelistarum imagines pictura auro admixta decorabat; sed & capitalis quaeque littera auro tota rutilabat. Hunc codicem, prae ceteris, in quibus legendo studere consueuerat, carius semper amplexata fuerat. Quem quidam deferens, dum forte per vadum transiret; liber, qui minus caute pannus fuerat obvolutus, in medias aquas cecidit; quod ignorans portitor, iter quod inceperat securus peregit: cum vero postea librum proferre uellet, tum primum quod perdididerat agnovit. Quaecebat diu nec inueniebatur. Tandem in profundo fluminis apertus

* The reference to St. Margaret, which is the key of the whole matter, was supplied by Miss Lucy Hill (*quam honoris causa nominio*), daughter of the editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, to whom, on July 29, while I was engaged in cataloguing the volume and lamenting that there was no clue to the *rex reginaque*, I mentioned accidentally the story of the miracle. She instantly remarked that the same incident occurred in the life of St. Margaret. To her is due much of the credit of the discovery—which is here recorded in a note, and not in the text, only because it is a personal matter.

* This lot, however, seems to have been only "added" to the Brice collection for the purposes of this sale.

jacere reperitur, ita ut illius folia impetu aquae sine cessatione agitantur, & panniculi de serico violentia fluminis abstraherentur, qui litteras aureas, ne foliorum contactu obfuscarentur, con-texterant. Quis ulterius librum valere putaret? Quis in eo vel unam litteram parere crederet? Certe integer, incorruptus, illaesus, de medio fluminis extrahitur, ita ut minime ab aqua tactus videretur. Candor enim foliorum, & integra in omnibus formula litterarum ita permansit, sicut erat antequam in fluvium cecidisset; nisi quod in extremis foliis, in parte, vix aliquod humoris signum videri poterat. Liber simul & miraculum ad Reginam refertur: quae, reddita Christo gratiarum actione, multo carius quam ante codicem amplectitur. Quare alii videant, quid inde sentiant; ego propter Reginae venerabilis dilectionem, hoc signum à Domino (fuisse opinor)."

No one can compare these accounts together and read the description of the volume which I have already given, without a conviction that we have before us the very subject of the miracle. Before considering the points of interest in the two narratives, let me add the only other original description of the event:

"*Vita S. Margaretæ Reginae Scotiae*, quam quidem. S. Adelredus [Adelred, Ailred, Edelred, of Rievaulx] abbas primo conscripsit, sed hæc, quam nos edimus, ab alio quodam incerto auctore, ex illo brevis descripta est. (*De probatis Sanctorum historis*, ed. L. Surius, tom. iii., p. 580.)

"Codex quidam Evangelicus, gemmis & auro ornatus, in quo studere & legere solebat, custodis negligentia in aquam cecidit, & per diem ac noctem sine aliqua iniuria vel laesione inuolutus permansit."

It is tempting to suppose that we have in the poem the composition and even the handwriting of Turgot himself, who, after the queen, had most interest in the book and the miracle. The poem seems to be the earlier, soberer, less ornamental account, but it may be doubted if there are any discrepancies. The "sinuamine vestis" is not inconsistent with the "pannis obvolutus"; nor, on the other hand, need the "profundum fluminis" of the prose account—which might appear not to agree with "vadium"—be a misunderstanding of the word "profundum" (hardly more than "water") of the poem. It is clear that when we find such phrases as "gemmis ornatus" applied to precious volumes, the terms may be taken to refer to the "theca" in which the book is deposited. We need not suppose that the book was torn from its binding for the purpose of transmission to have an oath taken upon it.

Were the words "Salvati semper sint rex reginaque sancta" written before the death of the king and queen in 1093? I think not. The use of "salvati," and not "salvi," and of "sancta" as applied to the queen (who was not canonised till 1251, and to whom the author of her *Life* never ventures to apply the term, so far as I have noticed) point to this conclusion, the prayer referring to the intermediate state between death and judgment. On the other hand, the phrases "nostro tempore," "nobis," and especially "nuper," preclude the idea that the poem can be later than 1100.

It is interesting to notice that the proper title of the *Evangelistarium* was at that time *Evangelium*, and that it was the custom to insert loose pieces of linen or silk between the leaves of an illuminated MS. The liturgical and textual points I must leave to be treated by others.

To return to the MS.: the last leaf but one shows signs of contraction and crinkling from the action of water; but with respect to the miracle itself, one would like the opinion of Mr. Maunde Thompson, whether the immersion of an illuminated parchment MS. for a few hours (the "per diem ac noctem" may be regarded as an unauthorised expansion of "post

multa momenta") would necessarily affect its condition, if carefully dried, without the application of heat. It might be thought no otherwise miraculous than was the bursting out of a spring through the prayers of St. Frideswide, at the well of another St. Margaret, at Binsey, in a water-meadow so low-lying that the later pilgrims to the scene had to construct a causeway in order to approach it.

The marks of ownership in the MS. are the following:—"Ceraelh [l and h perhaps doubtful] eli" scratched with a stylus on fol. 30r at an early date: "Linguo Quax ranis, crooke corvis, vanaque vanis Ad Logicam pergo quae mortis non timet ergo" and "Claytoun Sudlaw," and "John Stowe" (the Chronicler?), both apparently sixteenth century; "William Howard?," and a name which Bodley's librarian reads as "O'Reilly," of the seventeenth century; "Liber Ihois this ys bouke," seventeenth century (?); "Fane Edge," and "Brent Ely Library, L. i. 30," eighteenth century; and, quite modern, "No. [9 altered to] 8."

I trust your readers will help to elucidate these and other points which suggest themselves in dealing with the MS. Enough has, perhaps, been said to draw attention to a relic which must always have an interest for students of the Latin text of the Gospels, of palaeography and illumination, and of the early history of the English and Scottish churches.

F. MADAN.

P.S.—Prof. Westwood, who is unable to write himself this week, allows me to say that in his opinion the style and ornamentation of this codex are of the same period as the Canute Gospels in the British Museum (Royal MS. I. D. 9)—that is early in the eleventh century. He has no doubt that it was written and painted in England; but few distinctively Anglo-Saxon forms of letters are found, except in N, where the first perpendicular stroke is continued below the line, and the cross stroke is horizontal and very low. In general the writing is fine Caroline minuscule. The gold is not burnished, but consists of thick gold leaf laid on the parchment, and is either dull in tint or, where brighter, of a reddish colour ("rutlabat"). Beneath the figure of St. Luke is a representation of the earth as a rugged surface. St. Mark and St. John are represented as bearded.

F. M.

SHYLOCK AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

Glasgow: July 21, 1887.

In my former letter (*ACADEMY*, June 18, p. 434) I cited what I believe to be the earliest European version of the bond-story, from the Latin *Dolopathos*. I omitted to mention that a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (No. xxxv., p. 193), remarking that the scene of many mediaeval European legends is laid in Denmark, refers, among other instances, to "the oldest form in which we have yet met with the story of Shylock—an Anglo-Latin MS., where it is said to have occurred in Denmark." The version here referred to I do not know, but it is not likely to be of earlier date than *Dolopathos*; at all events, the writer could only have known the latter from the French metrical rendering made by a Trouvère in the thirteenth century, the original Latin

* The words "William Howard" are undoubtedly in the handwriting of Lord William Howard of Naworth, who died in 1640. In the *Catalogus MSSrum. Angliæ et Hiberniæ* (Oxford, 1697), vol. 2, p. 14, is a list of the MSS. possessed by Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, collected by his great-grandfather, whose signature is in the book; but the MS. seems not to be in that catalogue, unless it be miserably represented by "637.27. Officium B. Virginis. Fragm. de Miraculis." Lord Howard may have obtained it from Stowe, and probably gave it its present binding.

work having been discovered, at Vienna, by Dr. Mussafia, in 1864.

It is very amusing to find—as we do frequently—old-world tales and fictions reappearing in different countries and ages as historical occurrences; thus in the *Jewish World*, 1863, the following curious version of the bond-story is given:

"In Rome, during the pontificate of Sixtus V. (1585-90), a wager like that of the 'Merchant of Venice' was actually made between a noble and a Jew, only in this case it was the Jew who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he lost the wager. He lost; the noble demanded the forfeit; the Jew offered money instead in vain. The cause was brought before the Pope, and Sixtus decided for the noble, with the provision that he should cut off exactly a pound of flesh, and no more or less, on pain of being hanged. The noble declined to take this risk, and the Pope fined both parties in heavy sums for making such a wager."

There can be little doubt, I think, that this is a modern *rechauffé* of a Persian version of the bond-story, reversing the relative positions of the parties, probably to make it tell against the Christian, and introducing the novel conclusion, in which both are fined. The Persian form of the story to which I refer—found in Gladwin's *Persian Moonshée*, and also existing in several of the vernacular languages of India—is the only one at present known in which the cutting off the pound of flesh depends on the result of a wager, not on failure to repay money lent, as in the other versions.* And this brings me to speak of the Indo-Persian story of the "Kâzi of Emessa," where several amusing incidents are interwoven with the "pound of flesh" business—incidents which are passed over in the abstract of the story given in Malone's edition of Shakspeare, but which, as we shall see, are of some interest to students of the genealogy of popular fictions:

A Mohammedan merchant, seeing an opportunity of trading to advantage, went to his neighbour, a rich Jew, and begged a loan of 100 dinars, promising half the profits in return for the obligation. The Jew had long been enamoured of the merchant's beautiful and virtuous wife; and he now thought that, could he but contrive to involve her husband in a difficulty, she would intercede for him, and thus be brought to gratify his passion. So he told the merchant that he would lend him the money he wanted, without interest, on the sole condition that he would allow a pound of flesh to be cut from his body if he did not repay it by a given day. The merchant at first refused to take the money on such terms; but, pressed by his necessities, ultimately agreed in presence of a number of respectable Mohammedan witnesses, and with the 100 dinars set out on his trading journey. In good time he sent the money to his wife, who, not knowing of her husband's engagement with the Jew, applied it to her household purposes, and thus the penalty of the bond was incurred. Some time after this the merchant was returning with large gains, in full confidence that he had escaped from the snares of the Jew, when he fell among thieves, who plundered him of all his property, and he reached home even poorer than he had left it. The Jew, hearing of his arrival, called and blandly inquired after his health, and on the following day returned to claim the payment of the bond. The unlucky merchant told him how he

* Prof. Palmer, in his *Desert of the Exodus*, pp. 306, 307, states that among the tales related to him at night over the camp fire by "old Salem," he "was struck with a Bedawé version of Shylock, the main facts of the story agreeing in every particular with those of the well-known European version, except that the Portia in this case was the debtor's own wife, who appeared before the Cádhi in the guise of a Turkish soldier to plead her husband's cause; and having consulted the Jew, proceeded to thrash him well with her own fair hand, after which the Cádhi obligingly passed him over to the executioner." It is significant that in the *Dolopathos* version the debtor is also defended in court by his wife, disguised as a soldier.

had lost his all; but the Jew replied, "My money or the forfeit!" They went before the local kâzi, who gave his decision in favour of the Jew. But the merchant insisted upon referring his case to the kâzi of Emessa, to which the Jew consented, both parties binding themselves to accept his judgment as final; and they set out together for Emessa. On the way they saw a runaway mule, with its master in pursuit, who called out to them to stop the animal or turn it back; and the merchant flung a stone at it, which knocked out one of its eyes. Upon this the owner came up, and, seizing the merchant, accused him of blinding his beast, and demanded compensation. The Jew objected to this, as he had a prior claim, but told the man he might come with them if he pleased and submit his case to the kâzi of Emessa. So the muleteer joined them, and all three pursued their journey together. At night, when they reached a village, they went to sleep on the (flat) roof of a house, and being suddenly roused by an uproar in the street, the merchant jumped from the roof, and falling on a man who was sleeping below, caused his death. The dead man's two sons seized the merchant, and would have killed him in retaliation, but the Jew insisted on their laying their complaint before the kâzi, to which they agreed, and the four proceeded towards Emessa in the morning. As they journeyed on, they came up to a man whose ass had stuck in the mud, and he begged them to help him to extricate the animal. While the man tugged at the bridle, and the others took hold each of a corner of the load, the unlucky merchant pulled the beast by the tail, which came off in his hands. The peasant was enraged, and declared he must be paid for his animal; but the others bade him be quiet and come with them and tell his story to the kâzi. When they came to Emessa, they saw a man tossing about on a bier, whom the people were carrying to his burial; and when he protested against the measure, appealing to the bystanders to say whether he was not alive, they assured him that he was certainly dead, and the poor man was buried.

Next morning they presented themselves before the kâzi, and began all to make their complaints; but the kâzi told them to cease their clamour and to speak one at a time. So the Jew began: "My lord, this man owes me 100 dinârs, upon the pledge of a pound of his flesh. Command him to pay the money or the forfeit." Now, it happened that the kâzi and the merchant were old friends; so when the kâzi asked the merchant what he had to say, he frankly confessed that what the Jew had alleged was all true, but he was utterly unable to pay the debt, hoping, no doubt, that the contract would be declared null. And he was astonished to hear the kâzi declare that if he could not return the money he must pay the penalty; and, when the officers were commanded to prepare a sharp knife for the purpose, he gave himself up for lost. Then the kâzi, turning to the Jew, said: "Arise, take the knife and cut off the pound of flesh from his body, but so that there be not a grain more or less, otherwise I will make you over to the governor, who will put you to death." The Jew replied: "It is not possible to cut it so exactly;" and being frightened at the kâzi's words he added that he would forgive the debt altogether. "Very well," said the kâzi; "but since you have brought this man so far on a claim which you cannot maintain, it is but reasonable that you should pay him for his time and the support of his family during his absence." And the Jew was compelled to pay 200 dinârs as compensation to the merchant.

Next came the muleteer and stated his case. In reply to the kâzi, he said that his mule was worth 1,000 dinârs before it lost its eye. "A very simple matter this," said the kâzi. "Take a saw and cut the mule in two parts from head to tail, give the man the blind half, for which he must pay you 500 dinârs, and keep the other half to yourself." To this the muleteer objected, because he said the beast was still worth 750 dinârs, so he preferred putting up with his loss. The kâzi admitted he was at liberty to do so, but he must make amends to the man for such a frivolous and vexatious suit, and pay him 100 dinârs.

The two sons of the man whom the poor merchant had unwittingly killed then stated

their case. The kâzi decreed that the merchant was to place himself on the ground outside the court-house and the young men were to get upon the roof and jump down upon the merchant as he had jumped on their father*; but they would not risk such a kind of retaliation, and, in their turn, had to pay 100 dinârs to the merchant for the trouble they had given him.

Last of all came the owner of the ass, and related how the merchant had deprived his valuable beast of its tail. The kâzi ordered his own ass to be brought, and told the man he might pull off its tail if he could. He exerted all his strength; but the kâzi's ass soon showed its resentment by such hearty kicks that the man begged leave to decline further satisfaction. The kâzi replied that he might take his own time; but the more the man pulled the harder the vicious creature kicked, till at last, all bruises and blood, he declared that he had accused the merchant falsely, for his own ass never had a tail. The kâzi said that it was contrary to practice to allow a man to deny what he had once alleged, and ordered him to pay the merchant 100 dinârs.

When all the plaintiffs had left the court, the kâzi, collecting the different sums in which he had mulcted them, divided the whole amount into two equal shares, one of which he reserved for himself, and the other he gave to the merchant, who then desired the kâzi to explain to him the reason of the living man being carried to his grave, as he had seen on entering the town. Said the kâzi: "I assure you the man was really dead. Two months ago his wife came into court, pleaded that her husband had died in a distant country, and claimed legal authority for marrying again. I required her to produce evidence of his death, and she produced two creditable witnesses, who deposed to the truth of what she had said. I gave decree accordingly, and she was married. But the other day he came before me, complaining that his wife had taken another husband, and requiring an order that she should return to him. As I did not know who he was, I summoned the woman before me and ordered her to account for her conduct. Upon which she said that he was the man whom she had two months ago proved to be dead, and that she had married another by my authority. I then told the man that his death had been established on evidence which could not be refuted; that my decree could not be revoked; and that all the relief I could afford him was to give orders for his funeral."†

The merchant expressed his admiration of the kâzi's acuteness and wisdom, thanked him for his impartial judgment in all his causes, and then returned to his own town, where he passed the rest of his days in the frugal enjoyment of the wealth which he had gained at Emessa.

I suspect that this is not the actual original of the bond story, but rather think it likely to have been adapted from some Sanskrit variant, not yet discovered, of one of the *Jâtakas*, or Buddhist birth-stories, namely, No. 257 of the Pâli text of the *Jâtaka-Book* edited by Prof. Fausbøll, of Copenhagen, a translation of which, by Dr. Richard Morris, is found in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1885, p. 339 ff., of which the following is the substance:

A farmer named Gâmani borrows two bullocks of a neighbour, ploughs with them all day, and then goes to the owner's house to return them.

* This shrewd judgment reappears in the chap-book collection of jests ascribed to George Buchanan, "commonly called the King's Fool," where a Flemish tyler looking out of his window at a street brawl falls on a Spaniard and kills him on the spot.

† Near akin to this is the tale of "Eraclius the Wise Emperour," in one of the Old English versions of the *Gesta Romanorum* (Harl. MS. 7333, Tale lviii.—p. 241 of Herrtage's ed., E. E. Text Soc.), taken out of Seneca, from whom Chaucer has also borrowed it in his *Sompnours Tale*—see Harl. MS. text of the *Canterbury Tales*, printed for Ch. Soc., p. 253, l. 2017 ff. According to the law of Islam, evidence cannot be received in support of a negative; so that a fact legally established cannot be refuted.

Entering the house, accompanied by the bullocks, Gâmani sees the owner and his wife eating rice, and chagrined at not being asked to join them, he leaves the animals without formally handing them over to the owner. During the night the bullocks are taken away by a party of thieves, and the owner, on discovering his loss, determines to hold Gâmani responsible, though he well knew they had been stolen. So he goes to Gâmani and demands his bullocks. "Did they not enter your house last night?" asks Gâmani. "But were they formally delivered to me?" retorts the owner. "I admit they were not," says Gâmani. "Well then," quoth the owner, "here's a king's messenger for you." Now it was a custom among these people to take up a pebble or potsherd and say, "Here's a king's messenger for you"; and, whoever refused to go, was punished by the king, so off Gâmani starts along with the owner of the bullocks.

On the way to the king's court they came to a village where lived a friend of Gâmani, who enters his house, telling the other to await his return. His friend happens to be from home; and his wife sets about preparing some food for him, and in hastily ascending the steps leading to the granary she slips and falls to the ground, and being pregnant the fall causes a miscarriage. Just then the husband returns, and seeing what has happened, he accuses Gâmani of being the cause of the calamity, and saying, "Here is a king's messenger for you," takes him prisoner, and sets off for the king's court.

As they journey on, they meet a man who can't turn back his horse, and who calls to Gâmani, desiring him to strike the beast with something or other. Gâmani throws a stone, which strikes the horse on the foot and breaks it in two, as if it were a castor-oil plant. Quoth the groom, "You've broken my horse's foot, here's a king's messenger for you." So he was led off now by the three men.

Gâmani, in despair at all the serious claims against him, resolves to put an end to his life, and seeing a hill near the road, with a precipice on one side, he obtains leave of his captors to retire thither for a short space. Having climbed the hill, he throws himself down from the precipice and falls on an old basket-maker seated below with his son, and causes his death on the spot. The son accuses him of killing his father, and the four men proceed with the poor fellow to the king's court.

One should suppose that Gâmani had quite sufficient cares of his own without being troubled with those of strangers; but after this he is successively accosted by a number of men and animals who desire him to submit to the king certain matters which trouble them. Thus the headman of a village says to him, "I used to be handsome, rich, honoured, and healthy; but now I am very poor and a leper also. Ask the king what's the cause of this." And some Brâhman students say, "Formerly every passage we committed to memory was clear to us, but now it does not remain in our minds, but runs out like water in a leaky pitcher; neither is it intelligible or clear to us. Ask the king the reason of this."

When the party entered the king's court of justice, the owner of the bullocks charged Gâmani with having failed to return his two bullocks. Quoth the king, "Is that true, Gâmani?" "Well, sire, just listen to me"; and Gâmani told the king the whole affair. Then the king asked the owner of the bullocks whether he saw the bullocks when they entered his house. He replied that he did not see them. "What!" said the king, "have you not heard people call me King Mirror-Face? Speak the truth." "I saw them, sire." "O Gâmani, because you did not restore the bullocks formally to their owner you must pay for them; but since this man saw them and told a deliberate lie, saying he did not see them enter the house, do thou tear out the eyes of this man and give him four-and-twenty kahâpanas, the value of the bullocks." Having said this, they put the owner of the bullocks outside. He fell at the feet of Gâmani, saying, "What is the use of money to me if I have my eyes torn out? O Gâmani! take the money at which the bullocks are valued and also all that I have here." So giving Gâmani the money he had with him he went away.

The man whose wife had a miscarriage then

makes his complaint; and the king rules that Gámani should take the woman into his own house, and when she bears a child give it to her husband.*

The owner of the horse whose foot was broken having stated his case, and denied that he had requested Gámani to strike the horse, but afterwards confessing he had done so, the king gives Gámani liberty to cut out the man's lying tongue but he must pay him 1,000 kahápanas, the price of the animal. The man saves his tongue by giving all his money to Gámani, and takes to flight.

Finally the son of the basket-maker comes forward and relates how his father had been killed by Gámani falling on him. The king says, "O Gámani, this man must have a father; but we cannot bring back the dead, so do thou take his mother and place her in thy house, and be a father to him." But the basket-maker, being unwilling to break up his house, gives all his money to Gámani and goes home.

Having thus gained all his law suits, Gámani begins to deliver to the king the several "cases for opinion" entrusted to him as he journeyed to the court. The king said regarding the case of the village head-man that "he used to decide cases with impartiality, and was, therefore, beloved and popular, and men, being pleased with him, brought him many presents; so he was handsome, wealthy, and respected. But now he takes bribes and decides cases unjustly, wherefore he is poor, miserable, and afflicted with leprosy. If he again acts as a just judge he will be in the same position as before." The case of the Bráhma students the king thus explained: "There was formerly in their abode a crowing cock that knew the time. At cock-crow they rose up, learnt the sacred texts, and repeated them right up to the dawn of day. Consequently, they did not forget whatever they learned. But now they have in their dwelling place a cock that crows at the wrong time—that is to say, either very early, long before daybreak, or very late. If it crows too early, they rise up at the noise it makes and learn their texts; but, being overpowered by sleep, they lie down without repeating them; whereas if it crows too late (i.e., after sunrise) they get no time for repetition, and so they do not know what they have learned." In like manner the king explained twelve other "cases," and, after bestowing on Gámani much wealth, dismissed him.

Although the main question in this Játaka is not the "pound of flesh" but that of responsibility for the loss of two bullocks, yet its general resemblance to the Persian story of the Kázi of Emessa can hardly be considered as merely fortuitous. In both tales the unlucky man meets with additional mishaps on his way to the judge, two of which are virtually similar in both, namely, the killing of the man by falling on him, and the injury done to the runaway animal by throwing a stone at it. The questions submitted to the king, through Gámani, by the village headman, the Bráhma students, and others, find parallels, or analogues, in Boccaccio and the Talmud. In the ninth novel of Day ix. of the *Decameron* two young men go to Jerusalem to consult Solomon. One wants to know how he may be well liked, the other how he may best manage a shrewish wife. Solomon advises the first to love others, and the second to repair to the oridge of Oca. From this last counsel neither

* In the great Sanskrit collection, *Káthá Sarit Ságara* ("Ocean of the Streams of Story") the ass of a washerman strays into the backyard of a Bráhma's house, and is playing havoc among the vegetables, when the good wife runs out with a stick and belabours the ass, which falls into a ditch and breaks a hoof. The washerman, coming up and finding his beast thus injured, beats the woman so severely that she, being pregnant, miscarries. The Bráhma and the washerman bring their counter cases before a sapient judge, who decrees that the Bráhma must carry the washerman's load until the ass is again fit for work, and the washerman must put the woman in the same condition she was in when he beat her. No wonder the Bráhma went forthwith and hanged himself!

can extract any meaning, but it is explained on their road home; for when they come to the bridge of that name they meet a number of mules, and one of the animals being restive, its master forces it on with a stick. The advice of Solomon being now understood, it is followed with complete success. (*Dunlop*.) In the Talmud a man whose life is embittered with a froward wife sets out to seek counsel of Solomon, and on the road overtakes another man whose business results in loss every year instead of profit. The sage Hebrew king tells the first to go to the mill, and the other to get up early in the morning. The man learns how to subdue his wife on seeing corn threshed near the mill; and the other, by getting up at daybreak, discovers his servants loading a cart with his goods, which they are stealing. Whether the Talmudic story be a comparatively modern interpolation derived from some Italian source, we have in both these versions interesting examples of the transformations which old Asiatic tales and legends have undergone in their wanderings.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

"INITIALS AND PSEUDONYMS."

London: Aug. 2, 1887.

A book has lately been published in America in which English books of the same class are freely made use of without the slightest acknowledgment. One of mine is of the number. I wrote to the English agents for the book complaining of the piracy. They communicated with the author, who denied it. As I was prepared to prove my case, I thereupon commenced an action for an injunction against the agents, who then rendered me an account, showing that if they sold all the copies they had bought when in America they could not repay themselves the money they had laid out. Not wishing to punish them, as they had acted with good faith in the matter, I have allowed the sale to go on for a time.

The title of the book is *Initials and Pseudonyms: a Dictionary of Literary Disguises*, and the name given on the title-page as the compiler is "William Cushing, B.A." He has taken every pseudonym in my *Handbook of Fictitious Names*, not only without acknowledgment, but under "Olphar Hamst" the title of my handbook is suppressed, and the title *Aggravating Ladies* only given. I am not quite sure whether this is the result of suppression or incompetent editing. For under "Max O'Rell's" name I find entered *John Bull's Womankind*; but the work that made the name of "Max O'Rell" famous is omitted!

If Mr. Cushing had admitted the fact, or made some slight acknowledgment to previous bibliographers, his offence could have been condoned. No; his book is to be treated as the first and only one on the subject. Halkett's and Laing's dictionary has been used in like manner. Every little pseudonym or article under initials not likely to be met with in England, much less in America, has been taken from the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* of Messrs. Boase and Courtney. It will be observed that, like mine, the book treats only of pseudonyms; but no doubt as soon as Halkett and Laing's great work is completed there will be sufficient matter for Mr. Cushing to issue another original compilation, consisting of the purely anonymous books in that work.

As a book of reference, I am quite ready to admit that *Initials and Pseudonyms* may be of great use for the American portion. The English part is so full of errors that it might almost be the work of a foreigner. Mr. Albert R. Frey assisted Mr. Cushing. In fact, a year or two ago he published a prospectus of a work to be entitled *Masques*, which is incorporated in *Initials and Pseudonyms*. Mr. Frey's ideas of literary honesty, it would appear, are on a par

with Mr. Cushing's; for the very first pseudonym in his prospectus is taken from my *Handbook of Fictitious Names* without acknowledgment. Mr. Cushing gives, on p. 579, a list of Voltaire's pseudonyms prepared by Mr. Frey, who, of course, never heard of a celebrated French bibliographer named Querard, who did something of this kind some years before Mr. Frey.

RALPH THOMAS.

SCIENCE.

ARE THE AINOS THE ABORIGINES OF JAPAN?

WITH great appropriateness the Literature College of the Imperial University of Japan has devoted the first number of what promises to be a valuable series of memoirs mainly to an examination of the much-debated question whether the fifteen thousand or so of fishers and hunters who roam over the desolate shores and wilds of the Hokkaido ought to be regarded as the remnant of an *Urvolk* that once peopled the entire Japanese group from Satsuma to Saghalin. Much, it is true, has been written about the Ainos and their language, characteristics, and customs, since they were first visited by a Catholic missionary in 1617—their existence had been previously indicated by the Jesuit Froes in his book published in 1574—by Dr. Schenke, Dr. Baelz, the Chevalier von Siebold, Pfizmaier of Vienna, who may justly be regarded as the pioneer in the thorny ways of Japanese scholarship, by Davidoff and others, and by that most enterprising of travellers, Miss Bird; while hundreds of volumes are extant to attest the interest felt by the Japanese, both of Bakufu and later times, in their northern subjects. Nevertheless, little accurate knowledge of the structure of the language, as isolated, apparently, from all other tongues as the speakers of it are from all other races of men, had been attained; and it has been reserved for two of our countrymen to make the most important contribution that has yet been furnished to the philology of the north-eastern tract of the great Altaic province. The volume before us opens with a monograph on the relations between the *Urvolk* and the present population of Japan, illustrated by a comparison of the languages and mythologies of the Ainos and Japanese, and by an investigation of the geographical nomenclature of Japan, now for the first time attempted. The remainder of the volume is taken up with a treatise on the Aino language, which entirely supersedes all previous work on the subject. Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, lately appointed Professor of Japanese Philology in the Imperial University, contributes the essay; and the Rev. Mr. Batchelor, of the Church Missionary Society, who has for many years laboured among the Ainos, is the author of the grammar. I propose to summarise the main conclusions arrived at by both these excellent and painstaking scholars.

The phonology of Ainu—as Mr. Batchelor prefers to term the subject of his studies—presents a general similarity to that of Japanese. The vowel-systems in both languages are alike, and of a simplicity that leaves little if any scope for *umlaut* or *ablaut* changes. In both, again, sonant consonants are only found in compounds, never in roots or stems. But in Ainu surds constantly terminate the word, while in Japanese words invariably end in a vowel or the nasal *n*—in archaic Japanese the *n* is replaced by *m*. This difference seems to negative decisively any community of origin between the vocabularies of the two languages. It is certain that at no period did final consonants exist in Japanese, otherwise some traces would have been found of them, at least in the archaic tongue, just as in modern Pekingese

the final consonants of old Chinese, still preserved in Cantonese, have left their mark in certain of the tones. On the other hand, the resemblance in structure between the two languages is exceedingly close; and it may be doubted whether, in view of the recent advances made in philological science, the grammatical or etymological differences noted by Mr. Chamberlain ought to be regarded as really incompatible with some degree of relationship. What he well terms the "iron rule" of Altaic speech—the absolute relegation of the verb to the end of the sentence, the pre-position of the attributive and the post-position of the predicative adjective in relation to its substantive—obtains with as much rigour in Ainu as in Japanese; while the fifteen points of difference between the two tongues which Mr. Chamberlain enumerates as salient might well turn out—did we know anything of absolutely unincised Japanese—to be of comparatively minor linguistic importance. The difference in phonology, however, seems to me, as I have already said, decisive; and my own belief is that Ainu belongs to an earlier form of speech than Altaic—a form of which traces will be found, if anywhere, in linguistic areas so widely separated as those of the Eskimo and Melanesian languages.

Ainu, like Japanese, has no accident. Mr. Batchelor indicates what he regards as traces of an inflexional system in the language; but these are very few, and of doubtful quality. On the other hand, it is well provided with compositional affixes and suffixes, which might give great range and extension to the language as a vehicle of thought. A few examples may be subjoined, proving Ainu to be, in some respects, more capable of evolutionary development than Japanese, which is almost wholly destitute of compositional elements. Abstract nouns are formed from verbs and adjectives by adding *i* or *ambe*: *wen* "bad," *wen-i*, or *wen-ambe*; *yainu* "think," *yainu-i* "thought." The addition of *p* (*pe*—"a thing") concretes a verb: *ese* "to answer," *ese p* "an answer"; *e* "to eat," *ep* "food." So *katu* (reminding one of the Japanese *koto*) converts verbs to nouns: *an* "to be," *an katu* "existence." *An katu*, however, has a suspicious resemblance to the Japanese *aru koto*. The vowels *a* *e* *i* *o* *u* are extensively prefixed to verbs, and variously modify the meaning. Thus, *a* gives a passive sense—*nu* "to hear," *a-nu* "to be heard"; *e* turns intransitive into quasi-transitive verbs—*kira* "to run away," *e-kira* "to run away with"; *i* has an intensive power—*nu* "to hear," *inu* "to listen"; *u* adds the idea of mutuality (like the Japanese *ai*)—*raige* "to kill," *uraige* "to kill one another." Various suffixes are also used with powers akin to those of these prefixed vowels. The latter seem rather vocalic differentiations preserved through some sort of selective process than worn-down word-elements. In addition, a number of auxiliary forms exist, by the aid of which continuance, conditionality, time, negation, and desire can be perfectly expressed; and compound and reflective verbs seem possible to any extent. Sometimes these are agglutinative sentence-words of considerable complexity, both as to form and meaning, as, for instance, the verb *uweyairamishure*, which means "to bestir oneself with the view of obtaining the mastery."

Mr. Chamberlain's researches into the relations of Ainu to place-names in Japan are exceedingly interesting. Some years ago I gave an account, before the Royal Asiatic Society, of a visit I made to Ainu-land in 1865; and I took the opportunity of pointing out the need there was of some such investigation being undertaken as Mr. Chamberlain has so admirably conducted. I specially indicated the common termination *be* of many Japanese

place-names—Ishibe, Hamabe, &c.—as possibly being identical with the Ainu *pets* (*pet*) river. It was a perusal of the *Karafuto Nikki*, a diary of two Japanese officials in Saghalin, under the Shōgunate, that led me to suppose that some place-names in Japan might be of Ainu origin. Mr. Chamberlain, after a right good fashion, which it were well philologists more commonly followed, enters upon his task with an examination of the positive material at his disposition. This consists of place-names in Yezo and their Japanese transliterations, ample lists of which are drawn up by Mr. Chamberlain. We thus learn what sort of names the Ainu are in the habit of bestowing upon places, and what changes these suffer under Japanese manipulation. Criteria are thus established that both authenticate and facilitate the detection of the Ainu element in Japanese place-names. The task was no easy one. The Japanese write down their place-names upon the how-not-to-do-it principle carried to an extreme. They use Chinese characters for the purpose, which may be read by their Chinese names (Sinico-Japanese), or by one of their many Japanese meanings. There is nothing, in any case, to show which mode of reading ought to be adopted; and, in fact, each place-name must be separately learnt independently of the characters with which it is written. Very often the name can only be accurately ascertained upon local inquiry. When read by the Japanese meanings of their compound characters, these meanings may be used significantly—if I may use the expression—or evidently as phonetic attempts to render some non-Japanese name. Thus, *Nagasaki* is written by characters, read and meaning *naga* "long," and *saki* "cape," and the whole name may be regarded as a significant one. But hundreds of names read significantly make pure nonsense. Such are (among others adduced by Mr. Chamberlain) *Izumo* "issuing-clouds," *Naki* "name-tree," *Ai-no-mura* "mutual-moors-village." It is principally among this latter class of names that traces of an Ainu origin must be sought. Thus, *Izumo* in Ainu means "the bay near the promontory," *naki* "stream," and *Aino* of *Ai-no-mura* (*mura* is Japanese for "village," literally "swarm," "cluster") "the Ainu people." It is much more in accordance with probability that names of this kind are really Ainu names, than that they are Japanese names of absurd derivation. And it is almost certain that they must be so when the differences between them and the Ainu words of which they are alleged to be corruptions are exactly paralleled by those which obtain between modern Ainu names and their Japanese renderings. Lists of these Ainu place-names, taken from every province in Japan, from Aomori to Satsuma, are given by Mr. Chamberlain, with their derivations and explanations so far as he has been able to make these out; and they prove, in my opinion decisively, that the Ainu race at one time extended over the whole Japanese group. They were the *Urvolk* who immediately preceded the Japanese, being, there is reason to believe, themselves preceded by—or contemporaneous with—a race of Malayo-Polynesian origin.

An elaborate bibliography at the end of the volume gives the titles, with brief indications of contents, of 465 books upon Yezo, Saghalin (*Karafuto*), and the Ainu, nine-tenths of which are, of course, of Japanese authorship.

F. VICTOR DICKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAGO'S "ENGLISH-CORNISH DICTIONARY."

London: July 23, 1887.

Allow me to correct some slight inaccuracies which have crept into this very useful work compiled by Mr. Fred W. P. Jago (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1887.)

At p. 205, after quoting my "Letter accusing Pryce of Plagiarism," Mr. Jago says:

"As the above letter of Prince L.-L. Bonaparte contains only a part of Pryce's preface, it will be more fair to Pryce to give the whole. A verbatim [*sic*] copy of the preface to the *Archæologia Cornu-Britannica* is, therefore, inserted here to serve as Pryce's defence, and also because of the information the preface contains. It is very probable that there were more words and phrases of the ancient language of Cornwall known, and used about a century ago, than Prince L.-L. Bonaparte seems to be aware of. This may be the reason why Pryce felt justified in appropriating what Tonkin wrote to Gwavas, applying the words to his own time, about 1790," &c.

The verbatim (read *verbatim*) copy contains nothing in Pryce's defence, as any impartial judge will admit; and how can Mr. Jago impartially say that Pryce may have felt justified in appropriating to himself what Tonkin wrote to Gwavas about sixty years previously, for the strange reason that there were more Cornish words than in Tonkin's (not, I insist, Pryce's) Dictionary, about a century ago, as if Pryce's shameless plagiarism were not a mere copy of Tonkin's Dictionary! In fact, Mr. Jago himself, at p. viii., admits that Pryce used Tonkin and Gwavas's MS., written about fifty years before, and yet he persists in asking whether my charge of plagiarism be just or not? But do not Pryce's self-praising words—a copy of those that Tonkin employs towards Gwavas—sufficiently show the plagiarist's bad faith? (See and compare the words of pp. 204 and 205.)

With regard to the assertion that it seems that I was not aware that there were more words and phrases of the ancient language known and used about a century ago, I never said a word on this subject, my only aim having been to punish, even after his death, an unscrupulous author, by making known to the scientific public the names of the true authors of the Cornish Dictionary, which can no longer, without injustice, be called Pryce's.

At p. viii. I find: "Prince Napoleon's letter [I am not Prince Napoleon, my exclusive names are *Louis-Lucien*], in which Pryce is called a *plagiaste*," &c. This gives me occasion to confess that I was guilty of a gallicism in using this word instead of "plagiarism"; but I did not certainly use *plagiaste* for "plagiary," as Mr. Jago gratuitously asserts. My words are these: "As the production of the evidence of the *plagiaste* of Pryce is by itself," &c. With a very small amount of reflection any one can perceive that my wrong word *plagiaste* for "plagiarism" is not applied to Pryce himself, but to his "plagiarism," as the preposition "of" clearly indicates.

I do not know, neither do I care to know, whether Gwavas was a reverend or not; but, as at p. xii. Mr. Jago, in quoting my "observations on the Rev. R. Williams's preface to his *Lexicon*," says: "This work contains a copy of a letter from the Rev. [*sic*] W. Gwavas to T. Tonkin," I must demur to that "*sic*" which cannot refer to me, as I have never given this title to Gwavas. My words are these: "I conclude these observations with the following letter from Gwavas to Tonkin." It is impossible for me to guess to what that "*sic*" applies.

LO.-L. BONAPARTE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS OF NAUKRATIS.

Queen's College, Oxford: July 30, 1887.

As a discussion has been raised in regard to the inscriptions of Naukratis, it may be worth while to quote the evidence afforded by two of the earliest of the multitudinous Greek *graffiti* which I copied four years ago at Abydos.

One of them reads: *Ναυκράτης μ' ἔγραψε*. The characters have the early Milesian forms—the *upsilon* is written *v*, the *eta* has three bars, the *sigma* is four-lined, the upper part of the *gamma* slopes upwards, the *rho* has a long tail, while the three lines of the *psi* end in a single point. Below this *graffito* was another, the first few letters of which were unfortunately obliterated. It ran—*Μ(?) . . . ης ἡλθε ἐνθάδην (sic)*. Here the *eta* has three bars and the *sigma* consists of four lines (which are rounded, however, and not angular); but the *epsilon* has almost the same form as the corresponding letter in the Karian alphabet. It is represented by an oval, through the centre of which runs a horizontal line. The *theta* has the Milesian form. The proper name, *Naukratis*, reminds us of *Naukratis*. The other early Greek inscriptions of Abydos cannot be put in evidence, as the dialects employed in them are not Ionic.

A. H. SAYCE.

THE OLDEST MS. OF THE "HITOPADESA."

British Museum: August 2, 1887.

With reference to the loan of my Nepalese MS. of the "Hitopadesa" for Prof. Peterson's new edition, as to which Prof. Max Müller speaks in such kind terms in the last number of the ACADEMY, I think it will prevent misunderstanding, if I state that Prof. Peterson and, consequently, Prof. Max Müller, are mistaken in supposing that the MS. was lent by permission of the "authorities of the British Museum." My journey to Nepal, though permitted by the trustees of the Museum, was at my own risk and expense, aided by the University of Cambridge. Consequently, my MSS., of which I have been glad to lend some dozen already to fellow-scholars both on the Continent and in India, remained my own on my return, though nearly all have now been presented or sold to the university or to the national collection. Folklore, both Buddhistic and Brahmanical, was evidently popular in Nepal from early times. I am, at present, endeavouring to edit the "Tantrākhyāna," a short collection of tales, which has much in common with both the "Hitopadesa" and "Pañca-tantra." Three Newāri translations of this have been brought from Nepal to Europe, but my own Nepalese palm-leaf copy is the only Sanskrit original known to me. I take this opportunity of enquiring of scholars, especially those in India, whether anything further is known of this book?

CECIL BENDALL.

PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

Scraylingham: July 30, 1887.

If Mr. Leaf thinks that, in the letter which appears in the ACADEMY of to-day, he is adopting a method likely to convince those who wish merely to know "the truth about Homer;" he is, I believe, mistaken. Nothing is gained by referring to cases which are not parallel. "Vagaries" about the figure of the earth do not stand on the same footing with facts concerning the Homer of the lyric and tragic poets. It has not been shown that this Homer was our "Homer"; and the evidence which shows that it was not has not been met. It is kept out of sight. I repeat my protest, adding only that I am unconscious of having said anything more than what has been said by Dr. Paley. Seekers after truth are not to be put down by browbeating; and I can see little more in Mr. Leaf's letter.

GEORGE W. COX.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Zoroastrian Deities on Indo-Scythian Coins," by Dr. Mark Aurel Stein; "A Legal Term in Contract Tablets," by Prof. Eberhard Schrader; "Some Euphratean Names in the Lexicon of Hesychios" (concluded), by R. Brown, jun.; "A Babylonian Wedding Ceremony," by Theo. J. Pinches; "A new Hittite Seal found near Tarsus," by T. Tyler; "A Season's Results in Egypt," by W. M. Flinders Petrie.

DR. W. VIETOR's new periodical, *Phonetische Studien* (Marburg: Elwert), begins its career with considerable spirit. Besides reviews of books and short papers, the first number contains three long articles by J. A. Lundell, Paul Passy, and Max Walter. M. Paul Passy's article on the phonetic system of the French language is especially valuable for the careful observations which it contains respecting the varieties met with in educated usage with regard to the rendering of some of the elementary sounds. Among the minor contributions the most generally interesting is the lively discussion between Drs. Engel and Lohmeyer as to the pronunciation of Greek—the former vigorously assailing, and the latter as vigorously defending, the method at present followed in German schools. Both papers are worth reading, but that of Dr. Lohmeyer is decidedly the more effective. By way of illustration of the practical inconvenience of adopting the modern Greek pronunciation of the classical language, he gives the following ingeniously constructed sentence: "Ἦν ἄμα τῇ ἡοὶ ὕρ, ἡ αἰε, ἡ οἰ ἡ δι (ἡ οἶν λόγ), ἡ νεί σφ τὴν χροάν ἀσροχόν διατελέσειν; which, he says, a modern Greek would have to pronounce as follows: "In ama ti ii ii ii ii ii ii iii i (j) i so tin chroan awrochon dhiatelesin." If this is not irresistible as an argument, it is at any rate amusing.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Oeographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SEALS OF DENMARK.

Danske Geistlige Sigiller fra Middelalderen. Ved Dr. Henry Petersen. Folio. (Kjöbenhavn: C. A. Reitzel.)

SPHRAGISTICS is a noble study and a captivating. It goes far, far back to famous lands and empires, and still flourishes, though with diminished splendour. Accordingly, it has been widely treated by distinguished men and artists, and is portrayed in scores of costly tomes, often richly illustrated.

In Scandinavia, in spite of partial efforts by zealous pioneers, it is only of late that the national perishing seal stores have been fittingly gathered. Till to-day, Sweden alone was properly chronicled in this respect. The valuable folio of the late accomplished Swedish Riks antiquary, Bror Emil Hildebrand, *Svenska Sigiller från Medeltiden*, was published at Stockholm in 1862-7. We have now the equally satisfactory instalment of Dr. Henry Petersen for Denmark. Propitious fates will also, doubtless, one day give to Norway its own seal enthusiast.

Seals, as the legal insignia of bishops, abbots, and chapters in Denmark, begin in the twelfth century, shortly after their use in the neighbouring German sees. But the oldest

Danish signet now known—that of the Abbot of Om (Petersen's, fig. 788)—is from the year 1219, while in the thirteenth century, these vouchers spread to all classes. The oldest Swedish sigillum is that of Archbishop Stephan of Upsala, between 1164-67 (Hildebrand's Ser. 2, pt. 1, fig. 1). The oldest Norwegian stamp, Bishop Henrik's, of Stavanger, is between the years 1208 to 1224.

Of course few of these Danish seals belong to the Romanesque period. Mostly they are Gothic in style; their material as a rule copper or brass, a few of lead. One, the Roskilde Chapter stamp, is of walrus bone. Almost all were of Danish workmanship, well executed by native goldsmiths. The round seal rapidly gives way to the almond-shaped. The oldest impressions are on loose parchment slips let in on the document. First, at the close of the fourteenth century, when paper deeds appear, is the stamp on the script itself impressed on thin paper over the wax. Sometimes the signet of the deceased was not broken or thrown into the grave. In that case the name of the bearer was re-cut.

The curious types and their gradual changes offer a most interesting study, as do the figures of local saints. We also often find the contrasigillum or secretum. In one instance (Archbish. Esger, 1324, fig. 15) it is an antique gem, Antinous. The oldest episcopal type is a sitting bishop, which we see in France as early as 1067.

Here, as in other lands, a crowd of valuable details as to costume, arms, pastoral staff, canopy, the marks gradually adopted for sees, the shape of the shields and mitres, the transition from majuscules to minuscules, and so on, offer food for wide research, often of great importance as to the testing of dates and documents. The majuscules die out in the first half of the fifteenth century, but re-appear with the Renaissance at the beginning of the sixteenth.

The mass of these Danish seals give only the name, with or without the office; but some of high antiquity add Leonine verses, or now and then a short prayer. The earliest stamps date from the Augustinians, Cistercians, and Benedictines; thereafter come the Dominicans and Franciscans. All the monastic seals are round. In the fifteenth century Birgittine and Carmelite seals come in, with minuscule letters. The sigilla of the Knights of St. John naturally stand apart, as having a secular character.

The publication of this beautiful monumental work, printed by Thiele in his best style, commenced in 1883 and ended last year. The whole volume contains 1,039 carefully drawn and delicately lithographed examples, executed by Th. Bergh; to these are added in the text thirty-six others, drawn and chemityped by Prof. Magnus Petersen. Not only is every seal carefully described by the learned and hardworking Danish archaeologist, who has devoted many years to this special study, but in a long introduction he enters into fruitful details as to the various historical bearings of these characteristic productions of the olden time.

That so costly a contribution to Northern seal-lore could be produced in Denmark is owing to the large grant in aid from the princely fund so generously endowed by the well-known patriotic Danish Mæcenat, Capt.

Dr. S. C. Jacobsen, and called the Carlsberg Fund, from the name of his world-famed brewery in the Danish capital.

Ere I close, let me add the hope that Dr. Henry Petersen may be enabled to add yet a second volume exhausting the subject. In that case he will work out, doubtless with the same care and minuteness, the secular seals of Denmark, from the earliest period to the Reformation. GEORGE STEPHENS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that M. Vereschagin, the Russian painter, has taken the Grosvenor Gallery for a general exhibition of his works during the coming winter. M. Vereschagin is, perhaps, best known for his series of historical pictures representing the conquest of Central Asia; but it will also be remembered that his "Nativity of Christ" fell under the ban of the Archbishop of Vienna, when exhibited there last year, on the ground of its realistic irreverence.

A SELECTION of the antiquities found in the excavations of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Tell el Yehudiyeh, Zagazig, and other sites in the Delta, is in course of arrangement at Oxford Mansion, Oxford Circus, W., in rooms kindly lent for the purpose by the Archaeological Institute. The exhibition will be open to subscribers to the fund and to members of the Institute and their friends on presentation of card, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for three weeks, from next Monday, August 8.

IT is long ago now since we called attention to Mr. Frederic Shields's fine designs for the decorations of the Duke of Westminster's Chapel, at Eaton Hall. He had then completed the cartoons for the stained glass windows of the chancel and north wall. The south wall is unlighted, and is to be decorated with marble mosaics, for which Mr. Shields has just finished the last picture. The whole of the designs for the chapel are in illustration of the Te Deum; and these last represent the series of the prophets—twenty-six in number—figures all little short of life size, each with a mosaic beneath, representing some incident memorable in connexion with the prophet above. The limited and very broken scale of colours afforded by the marbles have required the exercise of much ingenuity on the part of the artist, and may be said to have developed in a remarkable manner his natural sense of colour. This is shown in nothing more than in his treatment of nude flesh, as in the Jonah, where the prophet is just released from the open jaws of the monster, and the pale yellows and greys at the artist's command are made to tell with the force of flesh and blood against the slate and pink of the whale's skin and palate. In most of the designs Mr. Shields has had no tradition to guide him; and where he might have borrowed from ancient art, as in the cases of the greater prophets, he has preferred to follow his own fresh invention. It is in some of these—such as the noble figure of Isaiah, the profoundly intellectual Ezekiel and the lordly ideal of David (with a nobly elegant Queen of Sheba in the panel beneath)—that he has achieved his greatest successes. Whether we regard Mr. Shields's decoration of the Eaton chapel from an intellectual or an artistic point of view, there can be little doubt that it is by far the greatest work of the kind ever executed by an English artist. The mosaics will be executed in Paris; but the cartoons are now on view for a short time at Mr. W. H. Burke's marble works, 17 Newman Street, Oxford Street, where they should be visited by all who care for art inspired by spiritual imagination.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Schumann's *Symphonies, Quartetts, and Pianoforte Works*. (Leipzig: Peters.) All these six volumes have been edited by Herr A. Dörfel, who has been long and honourably connected with the publications of the Peters firm; and the general correctness of the music shows how conscientiously he has acquitted himself of his task. We ought also to call attention to the remarkably clear printing, and to the very cheap price at which these volumes are issued. There was a time, and that not so long ago, when full scores were luxuries; and now a student must be poor indeed who cannot afford to buy the principal orchestral works of the great masters. In noticing the present edition of the four Schumann symphonies in B flat, C, E flat, and D minor, and also of the symphonic work (Op. 52), entitled "Overture, Scherzo, Finale," we feel that there is nothing new to say about the compositions themselves. They have passed the ordeal of criticism, and already take rank among the masterpieces which the world will not willingly let die. And so also with two of the three quartetts (Op. 41) which the composer dedicated "in inniger Verehrung" to his friend Mendelssohn. But it is different with the pianoforte volumes. Here we must say a few words about the fingering of Herr R. Schmidt. Chopin excepted, there is no great composer whose pianoforte writings present so many technical difficulties as Schumann. The music is written in an original style, demanding fingering of quite a peculiar kind. Herr Schmidt is of the Tausig-Bulow school. We perceive this in the changing of fingers on the repetition of a note, as in the simple "Soldaten Marsch" (Op. 68), and in the first Etude (Op. 13). For clearness of utterance this is often of immense advantage in such pieces as "Pantalon et Colombine" in Op. 9, or in No. 2 of the *Novellen*; but we think the system has been carried somewhat to excess in the "Traumes Wirren" and in No. 3 of the *Etudes Symphoniques*. Another modern feature is the fingering of many octave passages which formerly were played with the thumb and little finger. Herr Schmidt is fond of helping the player in difficult passages (as in "In der Nacht," "Vogel als Prophet," Präludium in B flat minor) by dividing a passage, intended for right or left hand, between the two. Such a method, however, except in the hands of a very expert pianist, is apt to result in a jerky rendering. There is a section in the *Humoreske* (Op. 20) which calls for notice. It is written on three staves, the middle one being marked as "Innere Stimme" ("Inner Voice"). We agree with Mme. Schumann, who says that this middle line should not be played; but Herr Schmidt, being of a different opinion, has fingered it. The latter is quite entitled to his opinion, only it must be remembered that Mme. Schumann must best know what her husband really intended. But, while mentioning one or two things which have struck us in looking through the volumes, we must cordially acknowledge the ingenuity and industry displayed. No difficult passage has been left to take care of itself; and, just as the skilled chess-player's move is the final choice of many mental moves, so here the marked fingering is the result of much deliberation. This is a very complete edition, for it contains the pianoforte part of the Concerto in A minor (Op. 54), of the Concertstück (Op. 92), and of the Concert Allegro (Op. 134), with many orchestral indications; and also the posthumous pieces—the interesting "Anhang" to Op. 13, the Scherzo which originally formed part of the "Concert sans Orchestre" (Op. 14), a Presto, and a curious little Canon, "An Alexis." J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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